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New Statesman

EURO FLOP

PLUS: Police Bill • Cyprus betrayed • Art on the streets

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New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1984 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Milton
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, David Jones 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £32, Overseas £36

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £41, Africa, India, South America £45, Australasia, Far East £49, USA $79, Canada $92

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Cover drawing: Richard Willson

World's greatest beauty contest
The significance of last week's Euro-elections examined in depth: Peter Kellner explodes incipient myths about the British result; Donald Sassoon assesses the future of the Italian Communist Party after the death of Berlinguer and its election success; Denis MacShane contrasts the spectacular rise of the French racist right and the West German Greens. pp.7-9

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SUMMER 1984
GLC QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

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New Statesman Vol 107 No 2779 22 June 1984

Ten national referenda

'VERY, VERY disappointing' was the verdict of Pieter Dankert on the Euro-elections. He is the Dutch socialist President of the Strasbourg parliament. He meant that the low turnout and the pervasive apathy of what passed for the election campaign have further weakened the political authority of what was anyway a largely powerless institution.

The theory of Europeanists that the introduction of direct elections to the European Parliament in 1979 would give it a legitimacy that would enable it to gather real political power to itself has proved wrong. The Euro-Parliament's time may come, but for the moment it is an expensive and empty charade.

Millions of Euro-cash were spent trying to raise public consciousness about these elections. The exercise was a failure, particularly in this country. The parochialism of British politics was never more obvious. In Labour's case, as still essentially an anti-market party, the lack of enthusiasm was explicable, though even here there was surprisingly little enthusiasm for European initiatives for introducing industrial democracy or to control multinationals. More striking was the almost equally insular approach of the Tory Party and the Alliance, parties which are supposed to be positively committed to the European ideal.

So what in fact took place last week was not a Euro-election, but ten simultaneous national political beauty contests. Elsewhere in this issue Peter Kellner, Donald Sassoon and Denis MacShane analyse the domestic import of these results in the four largest countries of the Community. With the exception of Greece, the connecting thread of the results was the poor showing of the government parties in each country.

In this country, the election result has given moderate encouragement to the Labour Party. It confirms the other evidence of a steady recovery of support from the nadir of June 1983. The Tories seem to be at least within catching distance again. The Alliance is now firmly back in its place at number three and, as in Portsmouth South, presenting more of a threat to Tory seats than to Labour.

OTHER THINGS also seem to be going better for Labour. It is difficult to pin down exactly why (and why now), but Mrs Thatcher's personal political base seems to be eroding. Perhaps it is just that it has taken this long for the realisation to come home to a wider audience that 'Thatcherism' has no positive substance. The British economy has been put through the wringer as part of a controlled experiment in voodoo economics. But it is now becoming clear, even to many who supported Thatcherism in 1979, that the self-inflicted suffering has achieved nothing.

There has been no underlying improvement in British productivity, but great swathes of viable industry have been destroyed to no purpose. The huge capital and income tax concessions have had no effect on the quality of British management, or on the initiative of British entrepreneurs, but there has been a massive redistribution of wealth and income from the poor to the rich. There has been no improvement in industrial relations, but (the miners apart) sullen acceptance of the reality of the effect on unions of deliberate mass unemployment.

In short since 1979 this has become a meaner and more divided society. Mrs Thatcher has gone back on forty years of Tory politics and recreated government committed to the narrow class interests of the rich and the rentier — with a large added dollop of Poujadism. The results are now to be seen plainly. Ex-Foreign Secretary Francis Pym has come out in revolt (though Mrs Thatcher is unlikely to regard him as much more of a potential threat to her position than Edward Heath). Even the Queen has let it be known that she is distressed at what she sees nightly on the royal tele-screen.

There is, though, a real danger to Labour in all this encouragement. It is that the idea may once again take hold that the pendulum is bound one day to swing it back into office. It is the danger, as Labour gradually closes the gap with the Tories in the opinion polls, that all the lessons of the period of opposition from 1979 to 1983, which were so blindingly clear last June, will be forgotten.

BUT THINK BACK to the catastrophe of last June's general election. Of course the then image of Labour and its leadership lost a lot of votes. Of course the deliberate exploitation of the Falklands factor won the Tories votes. But what was clear on the day after that election was that the party had lost contact with its traditional mass support. Its philosophy, its policies and its tactics — worked out in bitter internal feudings amongst its activists — no longer appealed to the broad mass of the working class. And in addition the machinery of the party, particularly its own headquarters organisation at Walworth Road, was an ineffective shambles.

That was a year ago. We are now almost a quarter of the way to the next general election. What has been achieved? A new modern looking leadership has been smoothly installed. By and large dirty linen is no longer washed in public. The party's general image is much improved. The leader has charisma and is effective on television. The party political broadcasts at last look professional and effective.

Against these important advances, though, there has been lack of progress so far on other fronts. At Walworth Road precisely nothing appears to have happened. When we made this point in our 1 June issue, the general secretary retorted that it is easy to criticise if you have no responsibility. True, but it is also true that a party with limited resources cannot afford the near total waste of money that Walworth Road presently represents and that, unless a fundamental reform of Walworth Road from the top down (which should have begun last autumn) is begun this year, then it is likely to be of as little help in the next general election as it was in 1983.

More important, though, than organisation is political philosophy. The public knows what a Kinnock-led Labour Party is against — the erosion of the Welfare State, the Police Bill, Trident missiles and so on. It does not yet know what a next Labour government would be for.

And it takes years to communicate a political departure to the electorate and to convince them of its validity. To take a very relevant example, Thatcher's new brand of Toryism was being steadily propounded for almost five years before she won her first election in 1979. Unless the Kinnock leadership can begin soon to expound the ways in which his vision of socialism will be different to the picture presented to the British electorate in June 1983 that opinion poll gap is likely to stay open. □

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Low pay campaigner sacked for union links

THE LOW PAY UNIT has sacked one of its workers for working too closely with trade unions. Raghib Ahsan, who recently wrote a pamphlet *Below the Minimum* on low wages in the clothing industry that exposed the shocking working conditions of Asian women in the trade, was dismissed on 7 June after failing to come to an agreement with the director over the scope of his work.

Following a successful meeting attended by many Asian women garment workers to launch the pamphlet, the West Midlands Low Pay Unit (WMLPU), for whom Ahsan works, set up an action committee to recruit clothing workers to unions, and work towards anti-racist policies within unions.

But these active moves towards changing the position of low-paid workers led directly to Ahsan's sacking. Liz Morton, a project worker at WMLPU, explained: 'We were all happy with the work Ahsan had started but we wanted the WMLPU to withdraw from it because this organisation must always be objective and that means we cannot work too closely with unions.'

A letter from Chris Pond, the Unit's national director, before Ahsan's dismissal, suggests that the differences were about the political position and role of WMLPU: should it be a regional campaigning body involved in community and trade union initiatives or be like the LPU nationally, an all-party pressure group which, in Pond's words, 'is and will remain an independent body able to defend ourselves from the allegation that we are merely a front for trade unions'?

WMLPU is funded by a grant from West Midlands Council and Ahsan feels there is a clear difference in role between the national and local units. He told Pond: 'While national issues have their own momentum, the issues taken up regionally must have local relevance and must be able to attract wider labour movement support,' which, of course, poses the contradiction between 'objectivity' and working closely with unions.

Pond argues that the Unit has 'a procedure for reaching decisions collectively and it was not possible to work with Ahsan because he was not following the procedure.'

When Ahsan issued a press statement about WMLPU's co-operation with the T&GWU and the Indian Workers Association (IWAGB), he was asked to disassociate himself from it. He was also stopped from distributing a Punjabi leaflet about trade union rights on grounds that the WMLPU would not be able to handle a large number of enquiries in Punjabi.

Ahsan says that he was willing to accept collective staff decisions regarding the day-to-day running of WMLPU, but in matters of strategy and planning he did not feel that the London staff were qualified to make decisions for him. He would, however, be prepared to abide by the decision of the WMLPU's consultative committee which consists of local representatives.

The consultative committee met last Friday and Ahsan's dismissal was withdrawn for a week during which he can take his grievance to the London-based Unit's advisory committee. Roger Kline, Birmingham's Trade Union Resource Centre representative on the committee, said: 'The work being done by Ahsan is extremely important and it would be tragic if a constitutional excuse interrupted it. Ahsan is the only black full-time worker at the LPU and the only one with any trade union experience.'

Another committee member, Avtar Johal, representative of the 25,000-strong IWAGB and chair of a large T&GWU branch, points to a three-week old strike in Kewal Brothers, a Birmingham clothing factory. The workers there, mainly Asian women, are paid £35 for a 51-hour week. The owner-employer is the secretary of the West Bromwich Sikh temple and his influence in the community has an intimidating effect on the women. Three workers who joined a union have now been sacked and the owner is trying to replace them with workers related to himself. It is the classic situation described in *Below the Minimum*. Johal says angrily that if the Low Pay Unit does not reinstate Ahsan, 'IWAGB will have nothing further to do with them and I shall call on the T&GWU to withdraw its support too'.

Meanwhile in London, undeterred by all these accusations the LPU is applying for another grant, this time from the GLC Economic Development Group — working under the aegis of the GLC's anti-racist year.

Amrit Wilson

Truncheons all out at Orgreave

Orgreave, Monday. *A woman tries to call an ambulance for an injured miner and gets a truncheon on the head for her pains. 'The worst violence in a British industrial dispute since the war',* The Times *called it. There were 6,500 pickets and 3,300 police and the battle confirms the complete transformation in the police attitude during the miners' dispute, according to Jonathan Winterton of Operation Policewatch, from 'one of regulation to one of out and out repression'. Policewatch tries to monitor the role of the police in the dispute but is finding it increasingly difficult because the police are not allowing observers. 'You're told by the police to stand with the pickets, which means you get involved in any fracas, or to bugger off,' says Winterton. 'I went to Orgreave expecting to see people trying to stop coking lorries and, in fact, I saw them trying to cross police lines on a bridge half a mile away.'* ●

GCHQ boosts arms sales

WITH THE British Army Equipment Exhibition opening last Monday set to boost arms sales, the *New Statesman* has discovered an unlikely source of information used to help British private arms manufacturers find new markets. According to staff from the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), Britain spies on other countries' communications to obtain information for the manufacturers.

These sources say that 'anything of value indicating a potential arms deal', especially contracts being negotiated by other countries, is immediately passed to an authorised official of the Defence Sales Organisation of the Ministry of Defence. But the same is not true of GCHQ intelligence being used to boost, say, civil engineering contracts or sales of other manufactured goods. Only opportunities for *arms* sales are given a high priority in British intelligence 'targeting'.

Major British military manufacturers receive GCHQ intelligence about arms contracts being negotiated by their competitors after it has been 'sanitised' by the Defence Sales Organisation. This is done to protect the source of the information. But the companies can then use the information to undercut or disrupt foreign bids.

GCHQ gets intelligence about prospective arms contracts by intercepting most Western international commercial communications, as well as military and diplomatic signals. Receiving stations have been built specially to eavesdrop on Western commercial satellites. A GCHQ telex interception centre, believed to be called 'UKC1000', is located in central London. The targets are known inside Cheltenham as ILC, or International Leased Carrier communications. Central computers at Cheltenham can now automatically examine thousands of ILC messages daily, looking for key words or phrases in all international messages except telephone calls.

The information is then passed on to 'indoctrinated' — a special security clearance — civil servants in each government department who are authorised to see signals intelligence. The Bank of England also has access to GCHQ economic intelligence.

GCHQ said this week that they wished to make 'no comment' on the allegations that they intercepted details of international arms contracts. A press officer asked 'would you mind identifying the staff who gave you this information?'

Duncan Campbell

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ILEA's teaching not so special

AN INSPECTOR's report on an ILEA special school has shown an alarming gap between political rhetoric and real life practice. The report by the schools inspectorate (HMI) says that College Park School, which caters for pupils with 'learning difficulties', is not 'entirely successful in meeting the educational needs of the children'.

Behind this diplomatic comment lie disturbing facts for ILEA in view of its commitment to anti-racism.

- The inspectorate found that over half the 80 pupils came from ethnic minority families, the majority of them Afro-Caribbean.
- At least 20 children were found to be in need of, but not receiving, specialised English language tuition.
- The criteria for admission to the school are 'vague', wrote HMI, and 'in some cases inappropriate to the extent that pupils had to be removed at the head teacher's insistence'.

In other words, the inspectors believe that children are sent to College Park because ordinary schools cannot cope with them. And the large number of Afro-Caribbean pupils has given rise to the suspicion that the school is a dumping ground for black pupils who make life difficult for white teachers.

The most astonishing aspect of the report is the revelation that non-English speaking pupils received no assistance from ILEA's acclaimed 'English as a second language' unit. The inspectors say one boy of 11, with only minimal fluency in English despite spending six years in the school, was left 'largely unoccupied for long periods in the classroom'.

Concern that black pupils were 'under-achieving' in its schools led ILEA to issue an anti-racist statement two years ago. Yet, despite the existence of a well-established inspectorate for multi-ethnic education, an equal opportunities unit and an uncompromising commitment to tackle racism within the education system, little seems to have changed at College Park.

Robert Harvey, ILEA's special education chief, denies that black pupils are 'dumped' in the school. He says that at a nearby comprehensive school, North Westminster, only 30 per cent of the pupils are white compared to 38 per cent at College Park. But he accepts the urgent need to review the referral system to the school and to improve on English language tuition.

ILEA's educational psychology service is 'investigating' the situation and will report to the schools sub-committee probably in the autumn. Another committee is to examine 'special provision' in all of ILEA's schools and colleges but will not report until Easter of 1985.

Barry Hugill

Murder trial witness doubt

THE HOME OFFICE has admitted that a prosecution expert who gave scientific evidence in a murder trial was not qualified to do so.

The expert, John McCafferty, gave crucial forensic evidence which helped to convict Paul Cleeland of killing another man with a shotgun in 1973. Cleeland is now in the eleventh year of his life sentence which has a recommendation of 20 years minimum. (See *NS* August 1983 for a full account of the doubts surrounding the trial.) McCafferty gave evidence in Cleeland's trial about a chemical test he claimed to have carried out which showed traces of lead on Cleeland's clothes, possibly from the discharge of a shotgun.

Now, the *New Statesman* has obtained confirmation from the Home Office that McCafferty was qualified only to give evidence on firearms, not to provide scientific evidence. A senior Home Office official has said in a letter to Cleeland that 'he (McCafferty) would not have been allowed to carry out work in other areas, such as spectroscopy, complex chemical tests etc, without the appropriate scientific qualification.' Yet, a private investigator working for Cleeland's solicitor was told by Dr Walls, the director of the Metropolitan Forensic Department where McCafferty worked, that he had 'no scientific qualifications at all. He would not have been a competent witness in scientific matters.'

The test used by McCafferty was a simple one to detect the mere presence of lead. In fact, a sophisticated test should have been used which could distinguish between lead from the environment — particularly from paint as Cleeland was a decorator — and lead from a gun. Two years ago, *The Times* in an article on the case, 'Why Paul Cleeland deserves a retrial', pointed out McCafferty's failure to use the more sophisticated test. However, it printed an apology two months later after McCafferty complained that the test was not available in 1973. But the test *was* available then and *The Times* last week printed a Press Council adjudication which found it was wrong to publish an apology.

In law, it is the responsibility of whoever uses expert witnesses to ensure they are properly qualified. In this case the prosecution could be held to have misled the court.

Simon North

MISCELLANY

Digging deeper

In pursuit of documentary evidence that Mrs Thatcher has the right to veto the firing of US cruise missiles from British territory, persistent parliamentary questions have forced junior defence minister Lord Trefgarne to dig himself deeper and deeper into what is by now a very big hole. 'I know', Trefgarne told the House of Lords in May, 'that the American President confirmed that a year or so ago.' He preferred, he said, to rely 'upon the words of the President'. And what words were these, the noble Lords wanted to know. After being asked eight times on 7 June to quote Mr Reagan on the subject, Trefgarne claimed instead that the 'US *administration* has confirmed to us that the President's understanding of the arrangements is entirely consistent with that of the prime minister'. In writing, presumably. The original document governing US use of nuclear bases in Britain, dated January 1952, is not a treaty, but merely a communiqué setting out an 'understanding' between heads of state. If a new 'understanding' has been negotiated — which accepts Mrs Thatcher's claim to have a veto — then it would represent a dramatic turnaround in US foreign policy. The US has made it clear for decades that it will not accept any restraint on the use of its military forces. Lord Trefgarne can expect a difficult time as he is asked for details. Minor details such as the time and place of the signing of the new 'understanding'. Further squirming will be reported here.

Health Minister doing his revision

Health Minister Kenneth Clarke (above) clearly doesn't like what he is reading. Perhaps it's this that is making him frown: 'A comprehensive geriatric service is not likely to be practicable over the country as a whole within the next 10 years because of inadequate recruitment to geriatric medicine.' This is quoted from the government's most recent NHS policy document in our special report on the health service under Mr Clarke, which is what he has in his fist. Copies of the report, entitled *Who Cares?*, are still available from the *NS* at £1.95 each. Annoy the government: buy yours today.

Sex probe scandal

How many swallows make a summer? Last Friday in the *Guardian* Ian Aitken wrote that 'at least one Tory newspaper is currently engaged in a potentially devastating Whitehall sex probe.' The word 'Whitehall' covers a multitude of sins; could the *Sunday Times* have been narrowing the field further when it stated in its main editorial last Sunday that 'the Thatcher government is not that secure that it should shrug off a major economic setback, a defeat by the miners or another scandal *involving a cabinet minister*'?

Bad grace

The TUC is over the moon, and that's official. A spokesperson told us so. No matter that membership is falling and legislation crippling: an important victory has been won against the forces of darkness. More precisely, the TUC cricket team last Sunday defeated an all-star team selected by 'non-playing captain' Norman Willis, the front runner to succeed Len Murray as TUC general secretary. Among their scalps was Neil Kinnock, out lbw for a duck. Kinnock remonstrated furiously with the umpire, the son of Kinnock's chief aide, Dick Clements. The ball was swinging away from the stumps, he insisted, and could not possibly have hit them. Witnesses say Kinnock behaved just like John McEnroe. We hope so: McEnroe *is* a winner.

Dexterous institute

After a boring press conference at the right-wing Adam Smith Institute last week on buses (abolition thereof) journalists were taken aside with the plea: 'When you write about the report please don't describe the Adam Smith Institute as right-wing.' Perhaps that's why none of them wrote about it.

Split decision

The epilogue to the tale of spiteful acrimony between the Liberals and the SDP in Newham is bizarre, but fitting. Attentive readers will remember that two Liberal councillors were forced to resign from the council at the insistence of the SDP because they weren't living in the borough at the time of the 1982 elections. Last week the two, Ann and Rif Winfield, stood in a by-election with only Labour opposing them — the SDP withdrew after a last-minute personal intervention by David Owen. Ann topped the poll, followed by Labour's Stephen Timms, with husband Rif coming bottom after the other Labour candidate. A 5 per cent swing to Labour brought all four candidates within a few votes of each other. Rif has predictably turned his ire from the SDP to Labour, accusing them of circulating a fake racist Liberal leaflet, and is planning to sue over a Labour leaflet saying the Winfields had been 'disqualified', which he claims is not accurate. Just in case his lawyers aren't busy enough, the Winfields also plan to contest the original decision to throw them off the council.

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Alliance dalliance with Tories in hung councils

LIBERAL COUNCILLORS in hung councils have continued to back the Conservatives rather than Labour after the May local elections.

Eleven more councils have become hung, mostly having been Conservative controlled, and in three cases the Liberals supported the Tories in retaining control (Gloucester, Eastleigh and Stockport). In four councils Labour supported Liberals taking control, with or without their SDP partners (Cheltenham, Eastbourne, St Albans and Wyre Forest), and only in Maidstone did a minority Alliance administration take over from the Tories without Labour support. But where minority Labour administrations took over, in Bristol which was already hung and Exeter, the Liberals failed to support them. Only in one newly-hung council, Brighton, can Labour be accused of maintaining Conservatives in power by refusing to come to an arrangement with the Alliance. The eleventh, Clydesdale, is governed by an Independent-SNP coalition.

All councils have now held their annual meetings and there were 14 changes of control involving hung councils. Since the last *New Statesman* survey of hung councils (13 April 1984), the most interesting development has been the willingness of Labour councillors to support Liberal or Alliance takeovers in many southern councils where Labour holds the balance of power.

In Cheshire and Grimsby, Labour-Alliance coalitions have been formed (a 'coalition' in local government terms implies a sharing of committee chairs). This gives some relief to Liberals embarrassed by their party's tendency to form coalitions only with Tories, but the effect is spoiled as Liberals in two councils which did *not* poll last month switched from supporting Labour to Tory (NW Leicestershire DC and Leicestershire CC). And in a bizarre development in Newark, where a minority Labour administration has resigned, two Liberals and four Independents took control when both Labour and the Conservatives, with 25 councillors each, refused to take the chairs.

Of the 25 Councils which were hung before 3 May and which remained so, three are Tory with Labour collusion (that is, Labour refused to enter into an agreement with the Alliance to oust the Tories), four are Labour with Tory collusion and two are now Labour-Alliance coalitions. (A further seven are unsupported-minority, all-party or other administrations.) But *nine* councils are governed by an arrangement between Tories and Alliance — three of them formal coalitions (Hammersmith, Leicestershire and Rochdale).

John Rentoul

A full list of all 36 hung councils is available on request from the New Statesman *office.*

Two councils in nursery disputes

TWO SETS OF nursery workers are currently embroiled in lengthy strikes against local councils.

In Bolton, Lancashire, a third of the infant and pre-school classes have been closed for six weeks, and in Islington, north London, the borough's 12 day centres have been closed for two months. Both groups of nursery assistants maintain their work is not properly valued or their skills recognised. The nursery nurses in Bolton walked out after the council refused to regrade their jobs.

Nursery assistants who work alongside teachers in schools are the lowest paid white-collar workers employed by councils. Gross pay for those with the nursery nurse qualification ranges from £62.25 to £86 a week outside London.

An inquiry team set up jointly by Briton's education department and NALGO reported that nursery nurses did much more than putting plasters on cuts and making tea. They often undertake teaching work and are left in charge of classes when the teacher is called away or has a break. Head teachers told the inquiry that the nursery nurses were 'seen as partners in a professional group and as such contribute to the educational development work in the school'.

The inquiry recommended nursery nurses be re-named educational assistants and their pay scales be revised to give a minimum of £79 a week and a maximum of £110. After waiting fruitlessly for almost a year and a half since the report, the 200 nursery nurses went on strike. Bolton council claims it cannot afford the cost of regrading — £120,000 a year — and that it cannot pay above the nationally agreed rate. The nursery workers are being supported by parents, who have joined them on the picket line, but they have not been able to persuade other town hall staff to strike in sympathy.

In Islington the day centre workers make much of Labour's manifesto promise to 'ensure that childcare workers are adequately paid'.

The union is asking for a new scale which would take the minimum rate for unqualified staff from £4,900 to £7,300. Nursery nurses employed by social services are paid on a different scale from those employed in schools.

Islington council's response is that it does not have the money to pay the claim. It estimates the full claim would cost £850,000 and it is prepared to offer a deal worth £120,000. Roger Protz, the council's press officer, says NALGO pays little heed to that fact that the council has lost £27 million in government grants since the manifesto was written.

The union is currently balloting its members in key sections of the town hall to find out if they are willing to strike in support of the day centre assistants. Meanwhile, the day centre workers picket beneath the red flag which often flies over the town hall.

Geraldine Hackett

Acid rain damage hits British forests

THE SUGGESTION in a government report this week that acid rain does not harm trees is in direct conflict with evidence newly gathered by an environmental group. According to a survey carried out last month by Friends of the Earth (Scotland), pollution from acid rain has *already* inflicted severe damage on Britain's trees, especially in the Forest of Dean and the Lake District.

The government report from the Department of Energy's energy technology support unit is the latest in a long line of official attempts to play down the effects of acid rain pollution. The Forestry Commission recently told the House of Lords sub-committee on the environment that for the most part 'no damage to forests has been observed', and junior environment minister William Waldegrave has stated that 'there is no evidence of damage to forests due to acid deposition in Cumbria or elsewhere in the United Kingdom'.

This attitude by British officialdom contrasts sharply with that in West Germany and Scandinavia where radical measures have been taken to deal with the problem. Anxious about Britain's complacency, Friends of the Earth (Scotland) invited a West German forester from the University of Gottingen, Joachim Puhe, to survey 47 sites along the east and west coasts of England.

Well over half of the sites showed signs of damage due to air pollution. The trees affected were Scots pine, Norway spruce, Sitka spruce, Douglas fir and beech. Damage included the 'tinsel syndrome' (when spruce needles become weak and hang from branches like pieces of tinsel), the loss and discolouration of needles and leaves, branch deformation and resin loss.

Friends of the Earth (Scotland) accuses the government and the forestry industry of misleading the public over the seriousness of the problem. 'The Government has either failed to appreciate the potential for environmental damage from acid rain, has withheld information or is unconcerned about the problem', it charges. It also accuses the Forestry Commission of being 'lethargic and complacent' and calls for an emergency tree survey to be carried out.

Rob Edwards

Brakes off bus safety

BUS TRAVEL will become more dangerous as a result of the government's plans to end the regulation of bus routes.

In most of the country operators who want to run a new bus service have to show that the route is in the public interest. But under the 1980 Transport Act the government set up three 'trial areas' in which it abandoned this condition. At the time ministers spoke of 'Freddie Lakers of the busways' creating new rural services. But the results from the trial areas show a significant decline in safety standards.

Despite this, in next month's transport White Paper, and the Transport Bill which is to follow in the autumn, transport secretary Nicholas Ridley will announce plans to deregulate bus services thoughout Britain.

In the trial area covering the old county of Herefordshire operators had only to give 42 days' notice of starting a bus route, and possess an operators' licence, which ensures that vehicles are properly maintained.

Ridley boasts that the Herefordshire experiement saved £60,000. Yet there are no new rural services there, and indeed some have been withdrawn. The only new services are in the town of Hereford, where fares have gone down by 30 per cent. But in rural areas fares have increased by up to 150 per cent.

And all of the three new operators have bent or broken the few remaining rules, according to a video made independently for the National Bus Company. Buses have to run on a timetable, but over a four-day observation period earlier this year two operators, Strettons and Buchanans, ran 35 journeys which had not been notified.

The traffic commissioners were concerned about Strettons' poor maintenance. When a vehicle examiner visited Strettons, he found that four vehicles were unfit to go on the road because of mechanical faults.

Both Buchanans and Strettons had the number of coaches they could operate reduced by the traffic commissioners because of poor maintenance.

The third firm, Flashes, has had its licence taken away. When its coaches were inspected the traffic examiners found serious faults in four coaches including inoperative rear lights, five inches of free movement in one steering wheel, fuel leaking from an engine and air leakage in an offside rear brake unit.

The traffic commissioners wrote: 'It is indeed an appalling record, and one which in our view shows an almost complete disregard for your responsibilities as a public service vehicle operator. You have operated vehicles in a dangerous condition and taken serious risks with public safety.'

Mick Hamer

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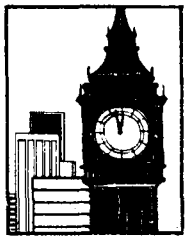

Everything you wanted to know about the Euro-results

Peter Kellner, Political Editor, nips various myths in the bud

ELECTIONS TEND to generate myths. 'We did much better than we expected'. 'We would have done much better on a higher turnout'. 'These results will change the course of British politics'. 'These results mean nothing'. Before some of the myths about last week's votes in Britain for the European Parliament take root, let us spray the results with this column's patent — and potent — brand of mythkiller.

'You can't tell much from a turnout of 32 per cent.'

One should always take care about interpreting figures on a low turnout. The central issue is whether the political allegiances of those who did vote last week were much the same as, or very different from, the allegiances, of those who did not vote.

Opinion polls have found consistently that it makes little difference whether you measure the attitudes of the whole electorate, or just those who said they were 'certain to vote'. The Liberal/SDP Alliance has the softest support, in that fewer of its supporters tell pollsters that they will definitely vote. And, to a small extent, this seems to have been reflected last week. The Alliance secured 19.5 per cent in the polling booths, while recording an average rating of 22 per cent in recent nationwide polls asking the conventional voting intention questions.

On Sunday night, Dr David Owen made much of the softness of Alliance support, claiming that in a general election Liberal and SDP candidates would have done much better. Maybe; but it is worth asking *why* Alliance support should be so soft. After all, the most distinctive policy of the Alliance is that it is pro-EEC; it was this issue, above all others, that defined the chasm between the Gang of Four — remember them? — and the party they left three years ago. Surely Alliance supporters should be *more* willing than everyone else to vote in European elections?

A MORI poll taken two weeks ago for the *Sunday Times* suggests an answer. The Alliance's leaders may be enthusiastic pro-marketeers; but many of their followers are not. Asked how they would vote today in a referendum on British membership of the Common Market, fewer than half of Alliance supporters — 48 per cent — said they would vote to stay in. Forty-three per cent favoured withdrawal, while 9 per cent were don't knows. So Dr Owen is right to say that Alliance support is soft; it consists, as ever, of many people who have little idea of, or sympathy for, the policies of their leaders.

Even so, the gap between the Alliance's overall share of public support and their share in last week's vote is too small to have affected the outcome in seats. Indeed, in areas where the Alliance polled most strongly last June, the turnout was mostly above average last week. In those areas, there is no evidence that the Alliance suffered any more than the other parties from differential abstention; and they may have suffered less.

'Labour did worse in the Europoll than it would have done in a general election because many of its supporters are anti-EEC and stayed at home.'

Turnout this time was, in fact, far more even throughout Britain than in the 1979 Euro-elections. Five years ago the average turnout in the ten most Labour Euro-seats was 28 per cent, while in the ten most Tory seats it was 35 per cent. This gap reflected the fact that Labour supporters stayed at home in significantly larger numbers than Tory supporters.

This time that gap has largely disappeared. In strongly Labour areas the turnout last week was 30 per cent, while in strongly Tory areas it was 32.5 per cent. In other words, while the overall turnout throughout Britain was much the same as five years ago, this average conceals an increased vote in Labour areas and a lower vote in Tory areas. And the remaining gap is largely explained by demographic rather than political factors: Labour's best areas tend to be in cities with more mobile populations and less accurate electoral registers. Published turnout figures are invariably lower in such places.

'Labour has destroyed the Alliance as the main challenger to the Tories.'

To some extent; but this statement is not as true as we might wish. In constituencies that make up 30 of Britain's 78 Euroseats, the Alliance came second to the Tories last June.

There is a clear geographical pattern to what happened. In Eastern England, travelling south from York through Lincolnshire, East Anglia and the home counties, via London's southern and eastern suburbs to the Kent coast, Labour climbed from third to second place in every Euro-seat. But along the south coast from Hastings to Penzance, and jutting north through Wiltshire and Oxfordshire to the Cotswolds, there is a solid triangle of 12 Euroseats where Labour remains third.

'The results represent a triumph for Ken Livingstone.'

Again, partly true. Labour's share of the vote rose by 12 points in London compared with June 1983, four points more than in the rest of Britain. The Euro-results confirm the trend suggested by opinion polls and our own council by-election surveys, which have recorded a marked recovery by Labour since the beginning of this year.

But part of Labour's improved performance in the capital simply reflects the fact that Labour did extremely badly last year. In other areas where there was a large swing against Labour in the general election there has been a marked recovery. For example, Labour's share rose by 14 points in Essex South West (which includes Basildon, Billericay and Harlow) and by 12 points in the two south Wales Euro-seats. ▷

David Fowler

One in three vote Labour. . .

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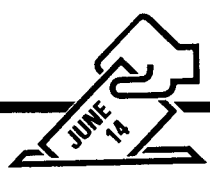
Even so, the fact that the rebound has taken place is significant in the context of the rows over the abolition of the GLC; and the two biggest swings from Conservative to Labour since last year both occurred in London seats. Last week's results would have kept Labour in power at County Hall. The party would have won 44 seats, compared with the Tories' 40.

That is not, admittedly a wide margin; but it represents a gain of 18 constituencies since last June. (GLC seats are identical to parliamentary constituencies.) And this calculation is based on the new London boundaries, which are less favourable to Labour than the old ones, on which the present GLC was elected in 1981.

'At this stage of a Parliament, you would normally expect a much greater swing against the government.'

This is, perhaps, the most intriguing issue of all. While Labour has gained ground substantially since last year and the Alliance has lost ground, the Conservatives' overall share of the vote is down by less than three points, from 43.5 to 40.8 per cent. An equivalent vote one year after the previous two Conservative general election victories would have recorded much larger swings, and put Labout well in the lead. Moreover, the Conservatives have done better, and Labour worse, than in the local elections last month — although that may just reflect Labour's greater ability to attract support on local rather than national issues, rather than a true swing in opinion.

What is certainly true is that neither the opinion polls nor the recent nationwide local elections or Europoll reflect the collapse in Tory support that has occurred in every by-election held in the past year. However, both MORI and Gallup have found that the approval ratings of the government and the Prime Minister have fallen more sharply than support for the Conservative Party. The best, though still tentative, explanation for what is happening is that more and more Tories are becoming unhappy with Mrs Thatcher and her ministers. This is reflected by by-elections, in the form of protest votes, but not — yet — in nationwide tests of political allegiance. If this analysis is correct, Labour needs to start taking a clear lead in the polls by the end of this year. If this does not happen — worse, if both Tories and Labour lose ground to the Alliance, as in 1981 — then Neil Kinnock really will have something to worry about. □



Italy overtaken

It wasn't just Berlinguer's death that boosted the PCI's vote, it was his policies. Donald Sassoon reports

EUROFANATICS everywhere lament that the latest elections to the European Parliament have been fought entirely on national issues. Surely, it was too much to expect that the electorate would mobilise around fascinating and exciting issues such as the EEC budget, the thrills of the European Parliament and the discreet charms of the Agricultural Guidance and Guarantee Fund.

The truth of the matter, as everyone knows, is that virtually all EEC governments have adopted a set of policies which are remarkably convergent: austerity and rearmament. The real *common* policies which unite Rome and Bonn, Paris and London are public spending cuts, unemployment, and (Paris excepted) plenty of US missiles. The electorate voted in a truly European mood by rejecting these policies everywhere. Whenever they could, voters increased their support for the left-wing opposition. France alone was the 'freak' case, but then in France there was no viable left-wing opposition: as we know only too well, a socialist government which follows right-wing policies can unleash all sorts of morbid symptoms.

Italy had the highest turnout (among countries in which it was not compulsory to vote) and provided the most 'historical' result: for the first time the Italian Communist Party (PCI) topped the poll. It obtained 33.3 per cent of the votes to the Christian Democrats' 33.0 per cent. The difference was only 125,000 votes, but what matters is that the *sorpasso*, the 'overtaking', has taken place.

Italy has had 44 governments since the war, but it has been politically the 'stablest' country in Europe. Christian Democracy has ruled uninterruptedly. All Prime Ministers but three have been Christian Democrats. Coalitions succeed coalitions every nine and a half months on average, but the same faces occupy the seats of power. The only excitements in this game of musical chairs are the changes in ministerial offices.

The Christian Democrats (DC) have always maintained that they are 'forced' to rule. The only opposition is the PCI and it would be impossible, unacceptable, downright dangerous, even immoral, for that opposition to become the government. Had the PCI been a 'normal' social-democratic party, then it would have been possible to have an alternance in power. The rigidity of the political system is due to the fact that the only alternative to the DC is the PCI. Over 30 years ago a PCI-led government was unthinkable because the communists used to eat little children for breakfast (at least according to DC electoral posters). Later it was because the Americans would not want it, or because it would strengthen Moscow.

These arguments no longer stand. Christian Democrats have, in the last few years, accepted the fact that the PCI is a legitimate party entitled to its part in government, provided that it is able to form a coalition government. Between 1976 and 1979 the DC itself was supported in Parliament by the PCI. It was the beginning of the experiment of the 'historic compromise', the attempt to unblock the Italian political system by forcing the DC to legitimise the PCI.

The inability of the communists to demarcate themselves sufficiently from the Christian Democrats and the assassination of Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades terrorists put an end to what was called 'the government of national unity'. The PCI lost votes in the elections of 1979 and 1983. The Italian Socialist Party, led by Bettino Craxi, then developed a strong anti-communist line. It emerged as the party which could 'break the mould'.

Its ambition was to become the largest party of the Italian Left. The PCI was described as an old fashioned traditional working class party not in tune with the needs and aspirations of modern society. The crisis of the DC and its massive losses in last year's general elections enabled Craxi to become Prime Minister in a five-party coalition.

LAST SUNDAY was not a great day for mould-breakers. Craxi lost 0.2 per cent of the votes. After eight years under his flamboyant leadership the PSI is still stuck at its traditional 11 per cent. The small Radical Party gained 1.2 per cent, the PCI gained 3.4 per cent. All other parties including the neo-fascists lost, while the DC stood still.

There is no doubt that the reactions to the death of the communist leader Berlinguer had an impact on public opinion. Who else in the West could die and cause such an extraordinary wave of national mourning? The funeral was attended by one and a half million people converging on Rome at 48 hours' notice during an election week as well as by international leaders, including the Chinese Prime Minister, the probable successor to the present Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachov, Arafat and representatives from nearly all countries (including someone from the US embassy). It was the nearest thing to a state funeral organised by the people.

The Berlinguer effect may account for the handful of votes which enabled the PCI to become the leading party, but not for the sheer size of the victory. The PCI reaped the results of Berlinguer's aggressive policy of the last year. During that period the PCI mobilised its considerable resources, including one million people in the streets of Rome for a demonstration against the installation of cruise missiles. Then it succeeded in blocking the government's attempt to revise the index-linking of wages which partially protects workers against Italy's high inflation rate.

This was achieved through a textbook example of the celebrated combination of extra-parliamentary and parliamentary struggle. On 24 March one million (again!) demonstrated against the Craxi government's austerity package, while in Parliament the 200

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Communist MPs engaged in a systematic filibuster which forced the government to abandon its original plans. Thus the PCI had demonstrated that it was not possible for the government to impose a unilateral revision of tripartite agreements. Thatcherism was not a viable strategy in Italy.

IT WAS not therefore only the popular response to Berlinguer's death which created the communist success; it was also the Berlinguer who, when alive, had insisted, against some of his colleagues, that the PCI had to fight against the present government even if it was led by a socialist. A Left alliance against the Christian Democrats, argued Berlinguer, demanded the defeat of the present Craxi line. His strategy paid off and this will influence the election of the new leader.

For the first time, the Italian Communists do not have a ready-made successor. If the Executive Committee cannot agree on a name it may well be that the Central Committee at the end of the month will have to decide between the nominee of the majority of the leadership group and that of the minority. Among the potential successors there are no differences on the fundamental principles of Eurocommunism and on the need to maintain the most intransigent independence from Moscow. The differences are all on the line to adopt towards the Craxi government.

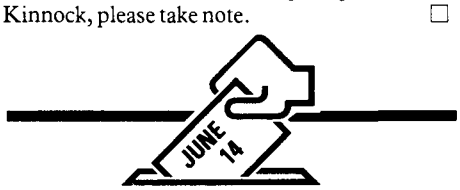
Here the *berlingueriani* are for continuing the policy of clear-cut opposition while the 'Right' seeks some accommodation with Craxi, hoping that the crisis of the DC slowly matures until the conditions for an alternative government of the Left emerge. The chief candidate of the Right is the trade union leader Luciano Lama, undoubtedly the most charismatic communist leader around. The other exponent of the Right is Giorgio Napolitano, an able and intelligent man and leader of the PCI in Parliament, but more popular outside than inside the party.

Among the *berlingueriani* the former mayor of Bologna Renato Zangheri, a distinguished historian, is a distinct possibility and so is Alfredo Reichlin who is in charge of economic affairs and is a former supporter of the Left leader Pietro Ingrao (too old to be in the running). The most likely successor, however, is Alessandro Natta. Natta has been the closest adviser of Berlinguer and the most likely to follow closely his line. Natta, however, is 66 and not well. He does not have the imagination or political intuition of Berlinguer. His election would produce a 'Chernenko' effect: everyone will continue to discuss the succession. Natta can only be a transitional leader in which case it might be possible for a younger leader to emerge such as Achille Occhetto (48), past leader of the young communists, a formidable speaker and better-looking than Kinnock.

Those who still look to the Soviet Union for guidance do not stand a chance. They have only one representative in the Executive Committee, Armando Cossutta. In the 180-strong Central Committee there is a slight majority of *berlingueriani*, a minority of Napolitano supporters and only three *cossuttiani* (including Cossutta).

The next leader of the Italian Communist Party will have a lot to do. The next six months will be decisive. In the first place the present government is unlikely to make it to the end of the year. It would probably have collapsed during the last few days, but the fact that the five-party coalition lost two percentage points and that the Italian Communists did so well means that they will sink their differences for the time being and try to carry on with no strategy and no perspective. Craxi's position will be weakened and one can look forward to the growth of internal opposition in the Socialist Party.

It is in foreign affairs, however, that the crucial decisions will have to be taken. Berlinguer was expected to go to Moscow to demand officially the removal of some of the SS-20 missiles presently deployed. He was also expected to go to the US and London and to try to co-ordinate his activities with the German SPD and the Labour Party. After all, the only chance for the survival of Eurocommunism is that it should become part of a radical Euroleft. To do that it needs friends in good places. Neil Kinnock, please take note. □



Strasbourg's racists

Denis MacShane on the success of the French far right

PERHAPS THE ONLY real victor in the French Euro-elections has been the extreme right-wing National Front. To watch French television as the elegant Parisian pundits tried to handle the stunning electoral gains for Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front party was to see deep shock, even fear, on the faces of those who have until now dismissed the rise of French racist politics as a passing phase.

Unlike the British National Front which enjoyed a fleeting rise in votes but no elected office in the 1970s, the French party now has ten European members of parliament — only six fewer than the British Labour Party between 1979 and 1984. Assuming that it links up with the Italian neo-fascist party, the MSI, its combined total of 15 seats is enough to be treated as a fully fledged Euro-party, with funds, staff, offices and campaign cash paid for by Europe.

In France, the shock is all the more total because the National Front equalled the vote of the French Communist Party. The proud, confident soaring 1970s voice of the working class has been humiliated. From a 22 per cent vote in 1979, it has dropped through presidential, legislative, municipal and now Euro polls to a pathetic 11 per cent. To say that the French Communist Party is heading for its British homologue's fate would be going too far. But one has to go back more than 50 years to find a time when it received so few votes. The result is a catastrophe for the party leader, Georges Marchais, all the more so when contrasted with the PCI in Italy.

French political analysts pay detailed attention to the total percentage of votes gained by parties in the different *scrutins*. During the long Pompidou-Giscard years, the combined socialist and communist Left did wonders for its own morale and standing by pointing to steady percentage gains in what otherwise were not vital elections.

It is stuck with that tradition today, when the votes are going steadily the other way. In fact, the French Socialist Party came out reasonably well, scoring 22 per cent — which is only 2 points behind Mitterrand's score in the first round of the 1981 presidential election. But the collapse of the communists puts France's 33 per cent combined 'left' vote just below that of the British Labour Party; and bodes ill for the legislative elections due in 1986.

Everyone expects that prime minister Pierre Mauroy will now be dropped. (The big question is whether the communists will stay in government.) But Mitterrand's insistence on continuing an austerity programme, which has sharply increased unemployment and cut living standards, means that Mauroy's successor will enter the 1986 elections with swollen dole queues and a discontented working class.

Those who argue that unemployment is no longer a factor in elections — and point at Thatcher and Reagan as proof — ignore the possibility that voters expect no more from proclaimed right-wing governments. But ask Jim Callaghan or Helmut Schmidt what it's like being a leader of a nominally left-of-centre government going into elections against a background of rising job losses.

LE PEN'S National Front will now demand and obtain access to the media, especially television. In Britain the media simply exclude far-left voices. But in France it is normal to see a communist presence in just about every debate, or in every other news bulletin.

Now Le Pen will seek *equal* treatment. French politics is Euro-orientated — after all France fought bitterly to keep the European Parliament at Strasbourg, despite the immense inconvenience of having it separated from the commission and council of ministers — and Le Pen's ten Euro MPs will make good use of their mandates to advance their party inside France.

The National Front itself stands for what you might expect. Le Pen's book *Les Français d'abord* (Put the French First) proclaims its philosophy in its title. He is virulent about the two million African and Arab immigrants, equating their presence with the 2.3 million unemployed.

He says that they should be repatriated. He is violently anti-communist, wants the guillotine restored, and French mothers to start breeding more white babies for *la patrie*. His anti-bureaucracy, anti-big-government populism has found echoes among the many disappointed by the socialist government. A burly 55-year-old Breton, ex-paratrooper and, as a Poujadiste in 1956, the youngest deputy in the Fourth Republic parliament, Le Pen has been treated as a star phenomenon by the French media ever since his party won a by-election last October in the Norman town of Dreux.

The National Front's most favourable media coverage came from the Hersant group, which includes major titles such as *Le Figaro, France-*

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Soir and a chain of regional newspapers. There is an irony in this. Robert Hersant, who owns and tightly controls his papers was a Euro-candidate on the joint Chirac-Giscard right-wing combined opposition list, headed by Simone Veil. She is a former Auschwitz inmate, a reforming women's minister under Giscard, and the first president of a directly elected European Parliament.

Of course Hersant's papers attacked the socialists and communists but the favourable publicity they also gave Le Pen was a major factor in keeping official opposition's vote down to 41 per cent — much lower than it had been scoring in other recent elections. (Whereas Le Pen is too young to have been involved in the fight against the Nazis, Hersant collaborated with the German occupiers after 1940.)

The big question now is how far Chirac in particular will move to the right to try to take over Le Pen's support. In municipal by-elections, Chirac's group has already joined in a common list with the National Front against the Left. Although Chirac offers himself as heir to de Gaulle's mantle, it is important to realise how much closer he is to Atlanticist and monetarist political thinking.

Chirac has, for instance, called for the de-nationalisation of all the companies currently in public ownership. That may sound 'run of the mill' to a British conservative, but it is heresy to a Gaullist. The general was a strong state interventionist and took a fair chunk of France's finance and industry into state hands in 1945.

Re-thinking will now have to take place in the French Right before 1986. There is no French Anti-Nazi League to ridicule the National Front. Given the collapse of verve and drive in the French left-wing intelligentsia and the continuing feuding between the French union confederations, the kind of stylish 'popular frontism' needed for effective anti-fascist campaigning simply does not exist in today's France. It is likely that the National Front will gain some seats in the National Assembly in 1986.

DESPITE THE FACT that the overall balance of political forces in the new European Parliament in general mirrors the last election results in 1979, there have been some important changes. In Germany, the arrival of the Greens marks a significant shift. In replacing the liberal Free Democrats (what a pleasure it is to see the party led by that opportunist chancer Genscher booted out, someone of whom a German journalist once remarked, 'Genscher makes your David Owen look like a man of principle'), the Greens are slowly occupying that vital area in German politics which gives a small group the chance to determine on what terms coalition governments are formed.

The Greens' immature performance in the Federal parliament in Bonn has not, it appears, cost them regional or now, Euro votes. In Hesse, the important industrial state which includes Frankfurt, a 'red-green' alliance of Social Democrats and Greens is taking office. The Greens' success in the Euro-polls suggests that they are here to stay. The Free Democrats, with about the same share of the votes, have made and unmade West German governments since the 1960s.

An election intended to reinforce European unity has shown that the old continent is as heterogenous as ever. □

HEALTH CARE

Doctors dethroned

Christian Wolmar reports on a general practice that opted for democracy and finally fell apart

FOR THE PAST six months, a bitter industrial dispute has been fought out in a doctor's surgery in South London. As if that weren't a strange enough setting for a prolonged dispute, the practice is a pioneering project which has paid equal wages to all ten workers, including the doctors, offers services like psychotherapy and massage on the NHS and is controlled collectively.

Limes Grove was set up eight years ago to explore new forms of medical practice. Initially there were two male doctors with a commitment to 'alternative' ways of working but unclear about their exact aims. When Barbara Jacobs joined them a year later, the forms were established more clearly: patients were involved in the management of the surgery, the doctors would strive for a more equal relationship with them and the practice would offer services not normally available on the NHS. As Barbara Briggs, a psychotherapist at the practice, put it: 'Limes Grove was based on the recognition that people are alienated from their own health. People in the medical profession see them in terms of their symptoms rather than taking into account the complex social circumstances that make people ill.' Limes Grove would be different.

It worked extremely well especially given the later decision to limit the catchment area to the distinctly untrendy SE13 postal district. Most of the 3,200 patients are working-class though there is a clear input from the minority of newly-arrived middle classes. But although Limes Grove could break down the rigid divisions of labour inside its own practice, it could not change the rules governing the world of medical practice at large.

The new services it offered included short-term psychotherapy, acupuncture, massage, herbalism and a special emphasis on women's needs. This was consistent with the belief that half the problems that people present to their doctors have no obvious physical cause to be chased away with pills. But the alternatives provided were obviously more labour intensive and therefore costly. And therein lies the nub of the problem.

GENERAL PRACTICE is funded by the local Family Practitioners' Committee (FPC). Each doctor is paid a basic practice allowance related to the number of patients, a 'capitation' fee per patient (higher for elderly patients), an allowance for rent and rates, service payments (for night visits, vaccinations etc) and the reimbursement of 70 per cent of the cost of two ancillary workers. But money is not given for workers outside the normal remit of surgeries. In order to pay all the workers equal wages, they all work part-time and pool their income from other sources, paying themselves the same £15 for each half-day session.

Yet the ultimate responsibility — and power — still lies with the doctors, the 'principals' through whom all the money from the FPC goes. Although relatively sympathetic to the Limes Grove practice, the local FPC had no formal relationship with the other, non-doctor workers and the workers themselves had no formal constitution as a collective. It all depended on the goodwill of the doctors. And at the beginning of last year, Barbara Jacobs, longest serving of the doctors, ran out of goodwill.

She decided that she wanted, after seven years, to reap the financial rewards which her doctor's training would normally have given her. She put in for a pay rise. As she told the *New Statesman*: 'I was responsible but that responsibility was not being recognised. I was also concerned that no other doctor was staying for a long time and that the practice badly needed the stability of such commitment. Finally, as I've been getting older and have

Express News Service

Barbara Jacobs: 'I was responsible but that responsibility was not being recognised'

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RALLY

SATURDAY 30th JUNE

SPEAKERS: Ken Livingstone, Tony Benn MP, Darcus Howe, Nazareen Subhan, Unmesh Desai, Bishop of Stepney and others. 12–2pm

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MUSIC: Ian Dury and the Music Students, De Danann, Hi-Life International, Matumbi, Frank Chickens, Curiosity, Telephone Boxes, Poets Pepsi Poet, Mamood Jamal (5.30pm onwards)

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children and a mortgage, I feel it's impossible to keep living on part-time low wages.'

Initially the collective tried to negotiate, hoping to keep the practice together in approximately the same form, but fearing that any substantial increase in wages for one person would mean fewer services could be offered. But Jacobs was adamant. She pointed out that she was getting about £600 a month (already more than the others because of the compensation for night and weekend duty) compared with the £1500 minimum per month most GPs earn. She initially sought a 50 per cent rise with increases for call duty and sessions. Although it was clear that such a demand threatened the whole structure of Limes Grove, Jacobs was also unwilling to leave the practice because she had worked there so long.

After countless collective meetings, including one with a 'facilitator', a patients' meeting was called last December. Five hundred people turned up, a tribute to the success of Limes Grove in involving their patients. Although it had no formal power, the meeting decided there should be a cooling off period and an agreement by which Jacobs would get £850 per month (tax paid) compared with the £300 per month averaged by the other, part-time workers.

But not only was this unacceptable, Jacobs was soon locked in a new, more bitter dispute with two of the workers, women's health worker Adi Cooper and Barbara Briggs, whom Jacobs sacked for allegedly misusing funds. Cooper, Briggs and Dr David Kirby, a former Limes Grove GP, wanted to set up a similar practice in Leyton, East London and borrowed £4,300 from the Limes Grove practice to do this. Jacobs contends that the money is hers and accused the three of refusing to return it. They immediately repaid the money — but to the collective, not Jacobs.

JACOBS HAS GONE to the High Court to establish that she has control of the money. The three, subsequently joined by the other six members of the collective, have counter-claimed that Briggs and Cooper were unfairly dismissed and that the money was legitimately the collective's. Their union, ASTMS, was unable to mediate, not least because Jacobs herself is a member of its Medical Practitioners' section; and anyway, in a society where unions exist to maintain differentials, it was most uneasy about being asked to back a fight against them.

So the dispute will end up in the courts next month and with it will die the eight-year experiment of creating an oasis of egalitarian and holistic medicine in South London. Perhaps the conflicts of power, responsibility and the demands of personal life are irreconcilable.

But at least three of the survivors of the bitter fight do not think so. Cooper, Briggs and Kirby have set up their practice in Leyton. It is flourishing and they are confident the same mistakes will not be made again. The assets are owned collectively, they have drawn up a legal agreement for the non-hierarchical process of making decisions, and they have a commitment to share out the menial tasks. But as the ideal of dissolving the superior authority and control of the doctor sends shudders down the spines of the medical hierarchy, the funds from the FPC will still be paid to the doctors, vesting in them, whether they like it or not, society's notion of their proper role. □

TRADE UNIONS

Labour's dripfeed

John McIlroy on why the government pulled its punches over trade union funds for the Labour Party

SIXTY-TWO pence a year would seem a small price to ask of each trade unionist who wants a Labour government put into power at the next election. It is one of the sums proposed by a report discussed at last Monday's Finance and General Purposes Committee of the Labour Party as the per capita affiliation fee for trade unions. As trade unions provide the bulk of Labour Party income and as the current income cannot sustain the existing organisation of the party, some increase on the current 50p per affiliated member per year seems clearly needed.

The National Executive Committee has yet to discuss the proposals. But what will make the financial crisis into a major drama for the party is the Trade Union Bill with its provisions for ballots on 'political' funds. In fact, the provisions still in the Bill are not nearly as stringent as Tory right-wingers had hoped, especially since they had had their champion Norman Tebbit in charge of the Bill's early stages. Last February, during its second reading, 90 Tory backbenchers revolted over its 'weakness', the biggest split in Tory ranks since 1979. It cast Mrs Thatcher and her man at Employment, Tom King, in the unlikely role of defenders of the Labour Party and its links with trade unions.

The row was about the February accord between the government and the General Council over the political levy. Mr King agreed not to add a provision to the present Trade Union Bill giving union members automatic exemption from paying the political levy unless they specifically agree to do so. In return the TUC undertook to police the present position by which members must 'contract out' or specifically state that they do not want to contribute to the political fund to avoid payment. The General Council has asked all affiliates to review existing arrangements, circulate information sheets highlighting the right not to pay and ensure that exemption procedures are well publicised and effective. Backed by right-wing pressure groups such as Aims of Industry and the Institute of Directors, many Tory MPs believe that Mrs Thatcher and Mr King have been taken for a ride: the TUC statement is in a long tradition of similar assurances that the General Council has neither the will nor the ability to deliver.

In fact, many people assumed the government would share the hopes of backbench leader, John Townend: a switch to 'contracting in' would speed the demise of the Labour Party. Not surprisingly the Alliance too supported the new clause replacing 'contracting out' by 'contracting in'. But Mrs Thatcher didn't.

The fact that a political fund exists at all, separate from the rest of the union's finances, and from which any member can contract out, is already a fundamental legal restriction on how trade unions handle their money. It was introduced under the 1913 Trade Union Act and remains in force today. Only between 1927 and 1946, when members had to 'contract in', in retribution for the General Strike of 1926, have the rules been different. To establish a political fund, trade unions already have to hold a secret ballot.

A change to 'contracting in' would certainly starve the Labour Party of funds. As Tory Minister Steel-Maitland commented in discussion on the 1927 Trade Disputes Act which introduced that system: 'The major part of the outcry against the political levy is not motivated by a burning indignation for the trade unionist who is forced to subscribe to the furtherance of political principles which he abhors. It is based on a desire to hit the socialist

Colin Wheeler

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party through the pocket and it used the comparatively small proportion of injustice in respect of the political levy as a smokescreen under which to make the attack'.

Despite intensive publicity, in 1982 there were only 24 complaints about the operation of the political funds to the Certification Office. Stories of arm twisting and intimidation remain apocryphal. Last year, Frank White MP asked Dr James McFarlane, Director General of the Engineering Employers' Federation, who was appearing before the Commons Employment Committee, whether he possessed evidence that union members were unwillingly paying the political levy. Dr McFarlane replied: 'Not anything that I think you would recognise as evidence, no'.

Yet some trade unionists *are* voting with their feet. Today some 77 per cent of unions members pay the levy compared with more than 80 per cent five years ago. Political funds have anyway been affected by the loss of two million members from TUC unions since 1979. Of course the picture differs from union to union. While the AUEW Foundry section suffered a 5.9 per cent drop in membership in 1982, the fall in political fund contributors was six times that figure. The NGA lost only 1.4 per cent of its membership, but the members paying the political levy declined by 6.3 per cent. Against this trend stand unions like TASS (membership down 7 per cent, political contribution static) and SOGAT (membership down 3.6 per cent, political contributions up 10 per cent).

Altogether, income to the Labour Party from the political funds fell from over £6 million four years ago to £2.5 million after the June election. The Party depends on union contributions for more than 80 per cent of its income. When the 'contracting in' system was in force, the number of trade unionists affiliated to the Labour Party dropped from 75 per cent of TUC members to 48 per cent. Today, the fall could well be larger.

FOR TORIES waiting expectantly for this death blow to be delivered, buoyed by Norman Tebbit's pre-election assurance to the Conservative Central Council that action was urgent, the final compromise of the Trade Union Bill was inexplicable. (It provides for consultations with the TUC and 10-yearly ballots of all union members to decide whether or not unions should maintain a political fund). They were particularly incensed at being outflanked by the Alliance. 'Will you tell the House', the SDP's Ian Wrigglesworth inquired hectoringly of Mr King, 'why you will not introduce the only fair system to deal with the political levy — a system of contracting in. . . '

This is the point. The Alliance now has far more to gain from an impoverished Labour Party, commanding loyalty only from the most committed unions, than does the Tory party. While Sir Geoffrey Howe pointed out that the Tories might not be in power for ever, Mrs Thatcher is not so sure. The Tories' interest might best be served, she argues, by a three-party system, with a Tory lead secured, despite the decline in their vote, by Labour and the Alliance splitting the opposition. The preservation of a weakened Labour Party which shows more signs of moving right than Mr Townend can discern should be the object of Tory policy. If the Labour Party shrinks into being a Left fringe group the Alliance will grow. However the Euro-election results are interpreted, they offer the Tories no certainty that their marginal suburban seats are safe from Alliance upsurges.

The requirement that unions should hold ballots on political funds by March 1986 is a more flexible and subtle instrument for keeping Labour in an acceptable state of convalescence.

Opinion polls offer the Labour Party little comfort, yet again confirming the gap between institutional support and enthusiastic popular support. (The Bill, comments a TUC briefing document, 'has a degree of populist appeal'.) In January Marplan found 48 per cent of trade unionists against their union continuing to have a political fund, with only 40 per cent in favour; Gallup last year found 53 per cent of trade unionists opposed to Labour Party affiliation.

Another controversial clause in the Trade Union Bill might change opinion. This provides that any campaigning material, videos, posters, literature, which read as a whole can be said to constitute support for one party as against others, must be financed out of a union's political fund. Junior Employment Minister Alan Clark admitted during the committee stage that this could have covered NALGO's spring campaign against the spending cuts. NALGO does not have a political fund. As Labour spokesperson John Smith points out, this is — against all government intentions — 'a massive encouragement to trade unions without a political fund to create one'.

It has taken this threat to spur inquiries into links between political action and trade unionism. The NUR has increased its political contribution from 25p to 65p and plans to increase the number of MPs it sponsors. Trade Unions for a Labour Victory has commissioned research on the attitude of union members to the legislation. Last February the Labour Co-ordinating Committee published a Charter to provide the basis for a campaign against the Trade Union Bill and revive links between unions and local Labour parties. At the end of this month it is holding a conference with the Institute of Workers' Control to try to turn this into a grassroots campaign which, they hope, will get socialist ideas and Labour policies discussed in the workplace.

Whether the official August conference to discuss the Bill will be able to galvanise the members or just be a meeting of like-minded bureaucrats will be an important indication of the will to reform the labour movement. □

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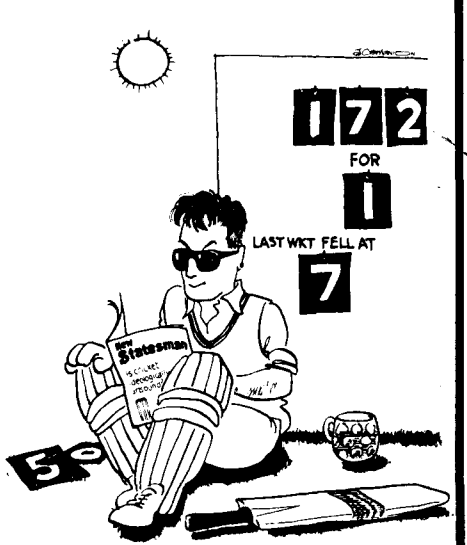

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POLICE POWERS

Future shock

Louise Christian and Johanna Fawkes describe what could happen if the Police Bill isn't amended

IT IS Easter 1985. As in previous years, women are planning to encircle the US air base at Greenham Common in protest at cruise missiles.

The word is that this year's protest may involve a mass break-in of the base — a rumour given weight by the increasing number of small raids by women through the wire. Most of these raids have been to paint slogans and dance, but recently serious damage has been done to the highly expensive aircraft and the American security forces are getting nervous.

Under pressure from the US, the British government decides to reduce the demonstration's effects by using the powers of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, which it has just passed.

The most obvious way of preventing any embarrassing incident at the base is to throw roadblocks round Greenham and Newbury and turn cars full of women back at the Berkshire border. This is explicitly provided for in the Act, which allows roadblocks to be used where a serious arrestable offence (in this case, criminal damage to aircraft) is likely to take place with reference to the pattern of crime within an area (Greenham Common). While this tactic was effectively employed during the 1984 miners' strike before the Act was passed, the police can use it even more confidently now.

However, the police also need to know more about plans for the event as they suspect some women will not be deterred by any roadblocks. They check the police computer for known peace campaigners and individuals with useful connections. One of the names thrown up is that of Clare, a freelance photo-reporter who has been visiting Greenham since 1981 and has published many accounts of life at the camp. She has subsequently joined a Greenham Women Support Group, providing blankets and food from time to time, and visiting women in prison for non-payment of fines.

If, as the police believe, she has details of the planned break in and/or names and addresses of those taking part, they can round up all those women suspected of planning to enter the base and hold them, legally, for 36 hours without any contact with friends, family or legal advisers, until the event has passed.

IN ORDER to carry out this strategy, the police must get access to Clare's files. The first step is to apply for a magistrate's search warrant. But the magistrate they apply to is particularly fastidious and somewhat confused by the new rules on files and what constitutes evidence of criminal intent or acts laid down in the Police and Criminal Evidence Act. He decides that a Circuit Judge ought to determine whether the files are 'excluded' or 'special procedure material', especially when he learns that Clare is a journalist.

As far as he understands the law, any confidential records about an individual's health or welfare are 'excluded' and may not be the subject of a search warrant under any circumstances. 'Special procedure material' covers records compiled by someone in the course of their occupation; to take these the police must go through the 'special procedure' of getting a court order or search warrant. Had the police not mentioned Clare's occupation to the magistrate, or had they applied a little later when the magistrate was clearer about the legal changes, they would have had the search warrant within minutes.

The Circuit Judge who hears the application — in private, with only the police present — is also confused by the new law, so tries to follow it to the letter. The police argue that the evidence is not journalistic material (there is no legal definition of the phrase anyway) but is held by Clare privately as part of her peace campaign activities. The judge asks if the information is covered by the clause on personal records relating to counselling or assistance for the purposes of personal welfare. The police say no as the records she holds concern political not personal welfare matters.

The judge concludes that the material is not excluded and proceeds to consider whether it is 'special procedure material'. Although he believes that the material is indeed confidential, he decides that it does not qualify as special procedure material because it is not journalistic material nor has it been acquired in the course of an occupation or for the purposes of any paid or unpaid office held by Clare. He sends the case back to the magistrate who agrees the police application and issues the warrant.

THIS ENTIRE procedure has taken place without Clare's knowledge. To keep it that way, the police decide to search Clare's premises while she's away at a conference, using their now legal powers to employ 'reasonable force' to gain access to her flat, by breaking down the door. Once inside, the police are free to exercise their considerably expanded powers of seizure under the new Act.

They not only obtain the information they came for, but in perusing Clare's filing cabinet discover to their interest that she acts as a volunteer adviser to young drug addicts. Her files contain numerous case histories detailing the medical and criminal involvement of individuals being advised by her. While the police would never have been able to obtain a search warrant for this information under the Act there are no such restrictions on what they can now legally seize and the information is removed as evidence of serious arrestable offences.

Continuing through her papers, the police come across a file marked National Union of Journalists which seems to contain details of a picket rota and directions to Dimbleby's *Richmond and Twickenham Times* offices, where a long-running NUJ dispute is centred. Mindful of the recent mass picketing of these offices and the offences which have taken place, the police also take this file. This information is really an added bonus — had the police known of its existence, they would have had no trouble obtaining a search warrant for it, as union files are not exempted by the Act.

All in all, the police consider they have had a good day and go back to transfer all the information to their computer for future use.

THIS STORY may appear a little fanciful. Doubtless an article last year suggesting the kind of police tactics currently employed in the miners' strike would also have seemed far-fetched.

Sadly the opposition which greeted the first appearance of the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill was effectively bought off by the concessions to professional groups contained in the second Bill. However, these groups — journalists, social workers, doctors and spiritual advisers, for example — have been sorely misled if they believe the Bill offers any real protection. As the above scenario shows, these clauses will protect very few classes of information from police search, and even fewer from police seizure. In the event, the professionals may turn out to be as vulnerable to police intrusion as the rest of the population.

The GLC has drafted an amendment to the Bill which would provide genuine protection for the public and professionals alike. The GLC amendment proposes that the power to search for evidence should only cover the 'fruit' of a crime, such as the murder victim or stolen goods, and the 'instrument' of a crime, such as the murder weapon or getaway car. Genuine police investigation would not be hampered by such a clause, but civil liberties would be far better protected.

Unless the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill is substantially amended by the House of Lords in committee stage starting on 26 June, a lot of people are going to find their files alarmingly vulnerable to police search and seizure. By the time the 'protection' clauses are exposed as phoney, it will be too late. □

Louise Christian is author of Policing by Coercion: The Police and Criminal Evidence Bill *and is legal adviser to the GLC Police Committee Support Unit. Johanna Fawkes is the press officer of Camden Council's Police sub-Committee.*

THIS ENGLAND

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□A coal merchant came home early one afternoon and found his 20-year-old son dressed up in his mother's clothes. He did not know quite what to do. He refrained from knocking his son down the stairs, and in desperation called the fire brigade. They suggested he call his doctor, which he did. I was able to offer an explanation, reassurance and help both with the son's problems and the father's incomprehension. — *Pulse* (W. G. Armstrong)

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THE CITY

Ask the Governor

Charles Raw on Lord Richardson's pension

THE ANNUAL report of the Bank of England is not the most informative of documents. The Bank has rarely used it as a vehicle for making important statements about the economy, the City or banking developments generally. Nor does the Bank use it as a means of giving the world great insights into its own methods of operation. On the contrary, the Bank succeeds in imbuing its report with a feeling of haughty disdain for the disclosure requirements of company law and auditing standards.

However, meet these it must and as a result we learn every now and then a little bit more about the conditions of employment of the Bank's governors and full-time executive directors. A few years ago, for example, the *Economist* picked on the disclosure of the mortgages they got; and last week Roy Hattersley, the shadow chancellor, launched an attack on the new governor Robin Leigh-Pemberton — following the relevation in its latest report that he is taking his annual salary of £82,000 in full, in contrast to the habit of his predecessor Lord Richardson, who waived a substantial slice of his entitlement to set an example in the light of his calls for pay restraint. Richardson waived £26,965 in the year to 28 February 1983 (the Bank has a curious financial year), taking only £54,667.

I doubt that Hattersley will get very far with this line of attack. Leigh-Pemberton got more than £82,000 a year as chairman of the National Westminster; so he is not actually getting an increase. Hattersley would do better to concentrate on another extraordinary item in the Bank's accounts: the Bank made a huge one-off payment of £851,337 into the directors' pension fund — known as the Court Pension Scheme — because an actuarial valuation at 1 March 1983 disclosed 'an unfunded liability mainly in respect of past service'.

You can buy a lot of pension with £851,337 — in fact probably in the region of £100,000 a year at today's interest rates. How was this missed and who is it for? The Bank is extremely coy about questions like these, saying that it does not wish to make any comments that could identify individuals' rights under the scheme. Curiously, however, it will say that Lord Richardson was *not* a member of the scheme when he retired on 1 July 1983. From this the *Evening Standard* drew the conclusion that 'a lot of the liability must stem from the appointment of Leigh-Pemberton'. But this cannot be, for the note in the report clearly states that the liability arises because of *past* service.

The non-contributory Court scheme is for the governor, deputy governor and the four executive directors. Often these men have worked all their lives for the Bank and they are thus already members of the main Bank pension fund. For them the Court scheme, as I understand it, is a sort of topping up, presumably to give them extra benefits which they would not have got by simply staying in the 'ordinary' scheme. Although there have been a number of recent changes and retirements of long-time employees from the Court (board) of the Bank, it is hard to see how an unforeseen deficit of that size could have arisen in respect of them.

So it looks as if the payment has got something to do with Lord Richardson; indeed, even though the Bank will say he was not a *member* of the scheme on retirement, it will *not* say that he is not now a *beneficiary*. But, if he now receives a pension from the fund, why was he not a member on retirement? And was he ever a member? (Richardson served on after the Bank's normal retirement age.) And, if he is now getting a pension, is it related to the actual salary he *took*, or to his total entitlement?

Teapot time

My reason for looking at the Bank's report in the first place was nostalgic curiosity: I wanted to see if it had anything to say about the progress in collecting money due to its subsidiary Slater Walker Ltd, the banking arm of Slater Walker Securities, which the Bank bought for £3.5 million in the autumn of 1977 as part of its rescue operation. The report was silent on the matter.

It was also nostalgic to learn last week that one of Slater's smarter acolytes, young Christopher Selmes — now all of 39 — is back in business in London. Selmes's first career came to grief in the crash of 1974 and he was deeply criticised by a subsequent Department of Trade report into his activities — 'committed the major part of the funds of a public company as if it were his own money', etc. He took up residence in the States, but in this country he retained effective control of a little company called Bajau. Recently he has been using it to do some successful stock market and property dealing: last year it made £276,000 profit.

Selmes's control of Bajau goes back to the start of the 70s, when it was a 'shell' company into which he introduced a group of his friends and associates as shareholders. I was somewhat surprised to discover that among them was Alan Clark, son of the late Lord Clark, the art historian, and since June last year a prominent public figure in his own right as the right-wing under-secretary for employment. The Clark family is pretty wealthy and it was hard to see why he should want to put a few hundred pounds with an operator like Selmes — potentially embarrassing for an aspiring politician.

It turns out that Clark, like me, has a soft spot for Selmes; in my case this is because he has always been pretty straightforward with me about what he was up to and did not resort to all that nonsense about improving industrial efficiency etc. After Selmes's crash, Bajau shares became unsaleable but later Selmes set about recouping its losses and a couple of years ago started to help his old friends and associates realise their investments. Clark, who was the owner of eight £100 shares out of 2,034, did a deal with Selmes in the winter of 1982: he bought a Fabergé teapot from Selmes for a few thousand pounds, throwing in the Bajau certificates as part of the price. □

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DIARY

To date, one of the great disappointments of the 1980s has been the failure of Third World countries to renege on their debts. Rarely can piracy have met with such slavish acquiesence. Finally, last month the papers told us that there were 'fears among international bankers' that at last some Latin American states might form a 'debtors' cartel'. The London Economic Summit duly discussed the co-ordination of Western terms so as to prevent this. Yet no one described it as a 'lenders' cartel'. The seven mental dwarfs who parade as our leaders may seem wretchedly self-interested. But they are a well organised conspiracy compared to those from whom they profiteer. The principle of banking is that each borrower must think that their own is a special case, whose sacred individuality and trust means that they cannot talk to other borrowers about punitive rates of interest, let alone co-ordinate resistance to robbery.

○

At the beginning of this year, A.W. Clausen, the President of the World Bank, addressed the European Management Forum (whatever that is) in Switzerland, on the issue. He noted that, far from the private banking system keeping up its loans to the developing countries, the rise in interest rates and the slump in new loans meant that 'we estimate a *negative* net transfer of $21 billion for 1983' (his emphasis). In plain English, the very poor paid the extremely wealthy $21 billion more than they were given or lent; nearly $2 billion a month. Naturally Clausen agreed that foreign investors 'should get back more than they invest'. But even he regarded it as

> premature for developing countries, as a group, to be transferring resources to the high-income countries on this scale.

A delightful use of the word 'premature'. Why do the low-income countries allow the scandal to continue a moment longer? I suppose their own officials are bribed.

○

Although you would not know it from the British press, the Chinese have just sent a naval flotilla around the Spratley Islands. These are a kind of Falklands of the future — even smaller but more dangerous. Some are occupied by the Philippines, one by Taiwan, and others by Vietnam. They are claimed by China, and symbolise Peking's desire to assert its primacy over Southeast Asia. So when Jeane Kirkpatrick, the Margaret Thatcher of the United Nations, was in Malaysia recently, its Foreign Minister told her that ASEAN (the Association of Southeast Asian Nations) did not want the US to back China as a regional policeman. According to the excellent *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Kirkpatrick

> dismissed Southeast Asian concerns over Peking's ambitions as familiar symptoms of the small-nation syndrome.

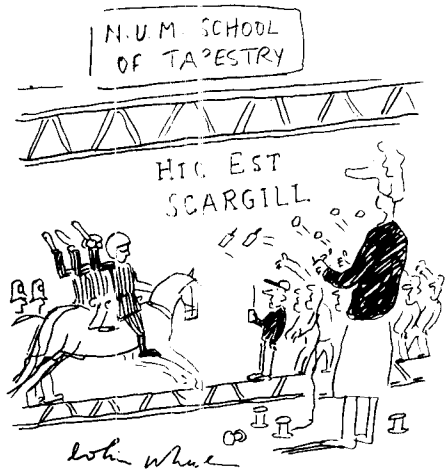
I suppose her paranoia about Nicaragua's arming of El Salvador resistance — now authoritatively revealed to have ceased three years ago — should be put down to the familiar big-nation syndrome.

○

Writing about the rich reminds me of the need to welcome the appointment of Anthony Wilson as the Government Accountant at a salary of £75,000. I've always said that our friends at the GLC were paid far too little. Now we have proof. What should be the minimum wage? The Boss regards Cabinet members as 'my blue bunnies'. For being blue bunnies they get at least £30,000 a year. Should night-cleaners have less? Recently the *Economist* (13 August 1983) described stockbrokers who 'earned over £1,000,000 last year' as having a 'handsome living'. A phrase that shall be remembered. The journal's only complaint was that some of those who turned in *more* than a million did not do 'the entrepreneurial work that brings in similar rewards in America'. Tut, tut.

○

Down here on earth, far from handsome incomes, are the miners. Harold Wilson's last government legislated that strikers are not entitled to benefits on top of strike pay. In 1980 it was ruled that all workers on strike shall be *deemed* to be in receipt of £15 a week in strike pay, whether they actually are or not. (Those unenterprising stockbrokers get £20,000 a week.) Now Social Security Minister Rhodes Boyson has ruled that the value of groceries, firewood and other gifts may be deducted from



the supplementary benefits of claimant families whose earners are on strike. Talk about Victorian values gives a particular resonance to the inclusion of firewood. In my last diary I gave the address of the NUM's solidarity fund. But none of its money will go to feed hungry families. Miners get nothing. Their wives should get £20.55 from the DHSS. But £15 is deducted from this against the presumed but non-existent strike pay. Thus a family with one child must live on about £12 a week. In Sheffield a woman with four children whose husband is a miner has just had her electricity cut off. As Thatcher wants to destroy the mining industry and replace it with nuclear power the strike may well last through the winter. And if the miners are starved into submission Thatcher could be impregnable. Perhaps families with an income could be allotted a miner so as to help *pay the strike pay* that the social security has presumed he is getting, even though he isn't. This should be better than firewood and immune from deductions. Meanwhile if MacGregor drops his idea of a company poll it would be an ideal moment for the NUM to hold a national ballot. The miners will only win quickly if they're really prepared for a long haul.

○

Women seem to be wary of computers. Or rather, as one friend put it, 'I'm convinced and I'm going to buy one. I just wish you'd stop writing about them'. Another denounced me for 'supporting the multinationals'. And this despite my firm stand — one that is wholly contrary to the line of the *Guardian*, please note — against acquiring from IBM. A third, a better scribbler than myself, seemed plain jealous that I should write my texts on a word-box while she toiled away on her steam typewriter. Meanwhile, if it's not a sexist formulation, most of my fellow men look shifty about the subject. Unless they also have one. Then, the standard macho-nervous swanking takes place: how *big* is your memory, how fast is *your* printer. Perhaps it is this aura of mechanical triumphalism that puts women off. Today 14 per cent of the British population live in homes with computers (though many are just for games). But less than half of the women in those households ever use the new technology. They have hesitated too long. I look forward to a feminism that is comfortable with electronics.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Pym's No. 1 target

'It is time to start noticing that people are looking for the lifeboats.' — Francis Pym, former Foreign Secretary sacked by Mrs Thatcher, in his forthcoming book attacking the Prime Minister.

The man stood on the tilting deck,
And in despair he said,
'This ship will be a total wreck,
I think she's off her head.'

And many hearts were deeply stirred
To see the canvas rip,
But few of them would hear a word
Against Her Ladyship.

The skipper flashed a cobalt eye,
As mast and hull were rent;
She thundered, 'I would rather die
Than govern by consent!'

A cry went up, 'We're like to drown!'
She told the cringing crew,
'The hatches must be battened down —
And certain people, too.'

The man in vain was heard to bawl,
'Start lowering the boats,
Before this nutter sinks us all
And everything that floats!'

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Fine words, dirty hands

Christopher Price re-examines how the West drove a wedge in Cyprus—in the interests of NATO

THIRTY YEARS ago Henry Hopkinson, the Minister of State for the Colonies, provoked a political storm by telling the House of Commons that Cyprus would 'never' be fully independent. Twenty years ago, Dean Acheson presented a plan to President Johnson which would have ended the island's fragile 'independence' only four years after it had begun, by partitioning it between the Greeks and the Turks. Ten years ago the Greek fascist junta tried to kill President Makarios and annexe the island, and the Turkish army invaded and partitioned it.

The real problem has been that most Western politicians, with the honourable exception of Henry Hopkinson, have lied about their governments' policy. Over these years, neither British nor US governments have ever told the whole truth about the Cyprus problem. They have habitually followed a deliberate policy of disinformation to blame the victims (the Cypriots) for ills which were created by the colonial powers — effectively Britain up to 1964, and after that the US, tamely supported by Britain. Cyprus remains a 'colony' in the eyes of the US administration; and part of it still is: it emerged during the passage of the Nationality Bill three years ago that the official status of the British bases remains 'residual parts of the crown colony of Cyprus'.

Next week two Granada TV programmes (*Cyprus: Britain's Grim Legacy*, ITV, 26 and 27 June, 10.30 pm) look at Britain's share of responsibility for the island's troubles up to the point of independence in 1960; and to carry the story on a remarkable book, *Cyprus* by Christopher Hitchens (Quartet, £8.95), is published this week which pinpoints for the first time US hypocrisy towards the destruction of Cyprus's independence by the Greek junta and the Turks.

The Cyprus problem has been presented as one of inter-communal strife; and the island as a place where Greek cannot live with Turk, or indeed with fellow Greek; and where Britain and the US have nobly striven for 30 years to keep the combatants apart. The truth is quite different. The British government *encouraged* tension between the Greeks and the Turks, while piously proclaiming its role of peace-maker. The US has fed the most chauvinist elements among both Greeks and Turks, cynically switching alliegance to suit what they (wrongly) saw as the interests of NATO.

British governments of both parties supported a constitution for an independent Cyprus, without the slightest intention of ever defending that independence which they had solemnly promised to guarantee. Partition was specifically ruled out by the constitution and its attendant treaties in 1960, yet certain elements in both British and US governments have worked with resolute cynicism for partition ever since.

The accusation in Hitchens's book lies primarily against the US in general and Henry Kissinger in particular. Britain figures more as lapdog of Washington — he is particularly scathing about James Callaghan's performance before the Cyprus Select Committee in 1976, when the then British foreign secretary responded to almost every question with an acute attack of amnesia.

In the Granada programmes British ministers are portrayed more as incompetent than villainous. Certainly there have been *some* true friends of Cyprus among British and American ministers and diplomats; but they have always been on the losing side: it is Kissinger's policy which triumphs today.

SO WHAT is the case against Britain and the US which the programmes and the book raise? First, that it was the deliberate policy of the British during the 1950s to increase tension between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. British governments have faced many *generalised* accusations of 'divide and rule' but Christopher Hitchens carefully documents British-Turkish collusion. Monty Woodhouse, an intelligence agent in the 1950s, confirms that Macmillan, as foreign secretary, had issued orders to stir up the Turks as early as 1953. While all Greek parties were banned, a Turkish one with the provocative name of 'Cyprus in Turkish' was allowed to start. Members of EOKA — the terrorist arm of the Greek junta — were prosecuted, but Volkan, the Turkish Cypriot terrorist group, escaped virtually unscathed.

On the Granada programme, we hear for the first time from Orhas Erlap, a former Turkish diplomat, that it was a direct approach from Mr (now Sir) Michael Stewart, then British counsellor in Ankara and later our ambassador to the junta in Greece, which persuaded the Turks to come to the UN in 1955 and save Britain from the embarrassment caused by Hopkinson's pronouncement that Cyprus would 'never' be independent. Britain suddenly became more Turkish than the Turks themselves. As Alan Lennox Boyd, the colonial secretary, put it somewhat frantically: 'The fears and anxieties of Turkey are constantly forgotten. Turkey ruled Cyprus for 300 years . . .' The truth is that the fears *had* been largely forgotten. It was a British government that consciously set about reviving them.

Then there was the Turkish police force, hired to combat EOKA. The Granada programme reveals a series of warnings to the British government that this move could only kindle inter-communal strife. It also emerges for the first time that the bomb which went off in the Turkish quarter of Nicosia in 1958 and led to the first of the really violent communal riots was planted by a *Turkish* Cypriot, to raise the political temperature. But at whose suggestion?

The second charge is one of vicious cynicism in using the strongest chauvinist elements to further the partition and colonisation of the island by NATO. Hitchens reminds us that George Ball, US Under-Secretary of State, actually admits working with a terrorist organisation — EOKA B — against Makarios, the duly elected president of a sovereign state. It might have been marginally more acceptable if the Johnson and Nixon administration had admitted to this policy. But they didn't.

Nor is there much doubt that the British Labour government went along with it too. Richard Crossman — who knew a bit about Cyprus having participated in the Hopkinson fracas in 1954 — discovered in his ministerial box 13 years later a paper from a Labour Foreign Office coolly suggesting that Britain should stand idly by if the Greek junta attempted a coup against President Makarios. The justification of the Labour Foreign Secretary, Michael Stewart (no relation to Sir Michael above): 'Makarios voted with the Communists in the UN.' The decision to back fascists against democrats in the Eastern Mediterranean, a policy constantly denied by British ministers, was clearly taken at a very high level within the US, Britain and NATO. It is a policy still pursued today.

THAT THIS was Britain's policy — to sign a Treaty of Guarantee without the slightest intention to guarantee anything — emerged in 1974 when British troops stood idly by to watch the Greek coup and the Turkish invasion. Ironically, Henry Hopkinson emerges as Britain's only honest politician on the subject — Cyprus never has become 'fully independent', and is never likely to be allowed to become so. In 1960 there were British bases in the south, and now there is a permanent Turkish army partitioning off the north.

There is no doubt that partition was always the preferred option of military-minded Western politicians. Macmillan threatened it in 1957, Acheson planned it in 1964, Nixon and Kissinger conspired with the junta to impose it in the early 1970s and, when the Greek colonels failed to deliver, they allowed the Turkish army to make it a reality. Yet, though partition has always been the *real* Western policy, ever since the start of the inter-communal talks in 1964, the 'official' policy for public and parliamentary consumption has been: 'We see the best hope of a Cyprus settlement in the inter-communal talks'.

It is partly because over the past three decades

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Cyprus has become a strategic issue so sensitive in the West that it sends politicians paranoid and drives them to otherwise unthinkable actions. The most fascinating tale in Hitchens's book is the thread that led from the Greek junta's conspiracies in Cyprus all the way to Watergate. A minor figure in Watergate (he figured on one of the Nixon tapes) was Thomas Pappas, a friend of the junta and financier of Nixon's re-election campaign with recycled CIA money from Greece. Laurence O'Brien, the Democratic Party chairman, had been one of those trying to expose the relationship between Nixon and Pappas, an investigation which Kissinger had earlier stifled. It was in O'Brien's office that the Watergate plumbers were caught.

There remain massive incompatibilities about the perspectives of Cyprus. NATO sees it as a base and an island to be denied to the Russians. The Greeks see it as a Greek island — which it plainly is and always has been. To the Turks, the British were merely holding it in trust since 1878 for them to recolonise one day. The hope must be that the sordid tale of collusion, lies and deception now laid bare will reinvigorate those who are working towards a solution based on some element of justice for the people of Cyprus — rather than one devoted to the perceived 'security' needs of the West. □

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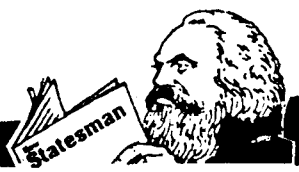

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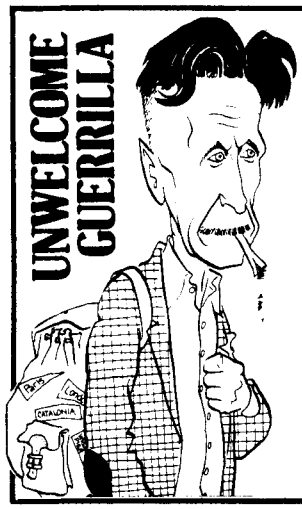

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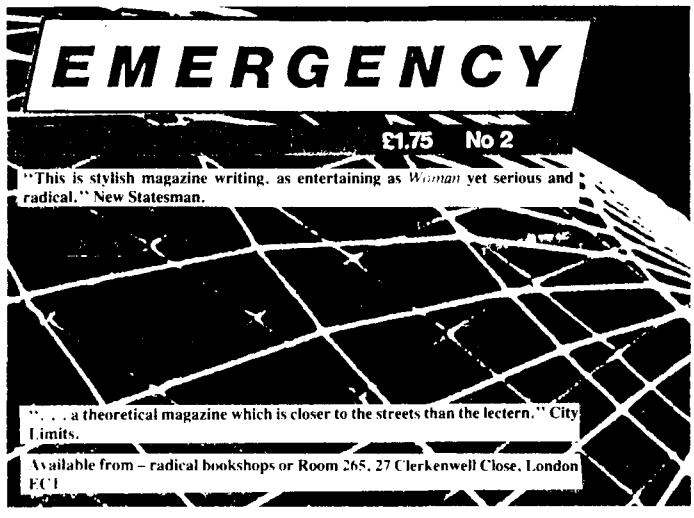
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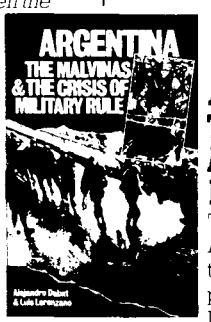

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MIDDLE EAST

Off-shore oil store

Alan George investigates Saudi Arabia's secluded stockpiles of oil

SAUDI ARABIA has established a floating oil stockpile to counter a possible closure of the Gulf to tankers as the result of the Iran-Iraq war.

Details of the Saudi strategic reserve have been veiled in secrecy, but the *New Statesman* has learned the identity and locations of all the ships involved. All told, Saudi Arabia has about 57 million barrels of crude oil stored in 29 supertankers, most of them anchored in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In addition, an estimated 4.5 million barrels are understood to be stored onshore in the Caribbean.

The stockpile operation has been mounted by a Saudi-controlled company, Norbec Oil Supplies AG, incorporated in May last year. Its headquarters are in Zug, Switzerland, while the marketing and trading activities are handled by offices in London and Houston.

Most of Saudi Arabia's oil is sold by Petromin, the state oil company, to the Western oil majors, who then handle marketing and distribution. Norbec was originally established as an independent trading organisation, in a bid to break the hold of the majors on marketing. At one point last year, Norbec was reportedly selling some 500,000 barrels per day — about 10 per cent of total Saudi production — on the spot market (i.e. the open market).

Last year, Iran explicitly threatened to close the Straits of Hormuz, at the entrance to the Gulf, if Iraq managed to halt Iranian oil exports from the Kharg Island terminal. Saudi Arabia, via Norbec, responded by establishing its strategic oil stockpile. In November, a first batch of ten supertankers was chartered for storage. A second major batch of around 20 charterings came in January.

Of the total of 35 vessels chartered by Norbec for storage, six have offloaded. Three put their cargoes into onshore storage in the Dutch Caribbean islands of Bonaire and Curacao. One cargo was sold in the United States. Another was offloaded at Rotterdam, and is believed to have been sold. One was offloaded at Fos, in France, and is also believed to have been sold.

Norbec declined to discuss details of its fleet, but the *NS* has established that, as of mid-June, there were 29 supertankers storing oil for the company. Most of the vessels are currently anchored off the coasts of East Africa, India, Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and Singapore. Of the major industrialised countries, Japan is the most heavily dependent on Gulf oil; the Norbec storage ships would thus be well placed to step into the breach if there were a disruption of oil supplies.

Every one of the charter agreements concluded by Norbec for storage has included a secrecy clause, and this concern with secrecy is underlined by the fact that most of the 29 tankers currently storing oil gave false destinations on their departure from Saudi Arabia. One of the reasons the Saudis were so sensitive to secrecy was that if it were known they were sitting on a large stockpile of oil, there would be a marked effect on the world market.

Interestingly, two of the 29 vessels — the *Port Hawkesbury* and the *Karen Maesk* — were named in a recent report by the Amsterdam-based Shipping Research Bureau as having in the past been engaged in delivering oil to South Africa.

AT FIRST, it was claimed that the establishment of the stockpile was related to the temporary closure in November of four Saudi oilfields — Safaniyah, Marjan, Zuluf and Khusaniyah. The fields were closed for three months to allow their connection to a natural gas pipeline network. Riyadh said that the storage fleet was being assembled to assure customers an uninterrupted supply of the medium and heavy oils produced at the shut-down fields.

The overriding reason for the establishment of the storage fleet was the Iranian threat to the Gulf, but its formation did serve another key Saudi purpose. Most of the kingdom's power stations and sea water desalination plants are powered by associated gas (gas produced in conjunction with oil). However, the international oil glut has forced Saudi Arabia to reduce its oil production, and hence the output of associated gas. The problem was highlighted last year, when there were power cuts because of gas shortages. The establishment of the floating oil stockpile, however, has enabled the Saudis to produce oil — and hence associated gas — at higher volumes than would have been justified by world oil market conditions alone.

Saudi Arabia is currently producing about 4.5 million barrels of oil per day, of which 600,000 barrels per day is pumped through a major pipeline to Yanbu, on the Red Sea coast, where it is refined to meet the kingdom's own requirements for oil products. Exports are thus running at about 3.9 million barrels per day. If the Gulf were closed, the kingdom's oil exports would not cease. The Yanbu pipeline has a capacity of 1.3 million barrels per day, although throughput to date has been much lower. However, allowing for domestic needs, 1.2 million barrels per day could be exported via the Red Sea. The strategic reserve, onshore and at sea, totals 61.5 million barrels and, in conjunction with the Yanbu exports, would allow international marketing to continue at current levels for just over three weeks. □

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Unspecified subversion

Rome

DEFENCE LAWYERS in the '7th April' trial have said that they will appeal against the sentences handed out on 12 June — the eve of Enrico Berlinguer's funeral. The 71 defendants (see *NS* 25 May) got a total of over 500 years. Under present Italian law, though, the final appeal hearing need not take place until December 1989.

The Rome court essentially accepted the prosecution's case that the accused — militants from various left-wing groups — had been clandestinely united in an unspecified subversive organisation. Their supposed leader, Toni Negri, was sentenced in his absence (he is in exile in France) to 30 years. Three others got between 21 and 25 years. Sixteen defendants were acquitted, 13 for lack of evidence and two for having co-operated with the police. Thirty-five of them were found guilty of 'subversive association' and 'belonging to an armed gang'. Six of this group got 14 years each, though no specific charges such as 'possession of arms' were ever brought.

It will probably be another two months before the judges produce the written version of their verdict. But already there has been extensive political reaction. The Christian Democrats have found the sentences to be 'justified'. The Communists, who have always been keen to appear tough against 'subversion' and dislike any challenge to their own hegemony of the Left, have described them as balanced.

But the Socialists have taken a different view. The party newspaper *Avanti!* strongly criticised the verdicts and Senator Covatta, a member of its national executive, expressed 'profound disappointment' that the sentences showed that the country was not emerging from the 'state of emergency' that followed the killing of the Christian Democrat leader Aldo Moro in 1978. On the far Left, Adelaide Aglietta, a Radical Party MP who was a 'people's judge' in a 1978 Red Brigade trial, has made the point that the stiffest sentence in 1978 for the actual kidnapping of a judge was 14 years, but in 1984 the same sentence has been handed out for the simple crime of 'association'.

Though the outcome of the 7th April trial was naturally overshadowed by the death of the PCI's secretary, it has all the marks of becoming a milestone in the battle for civil liberties in Italy.

Konrad Brodzinski

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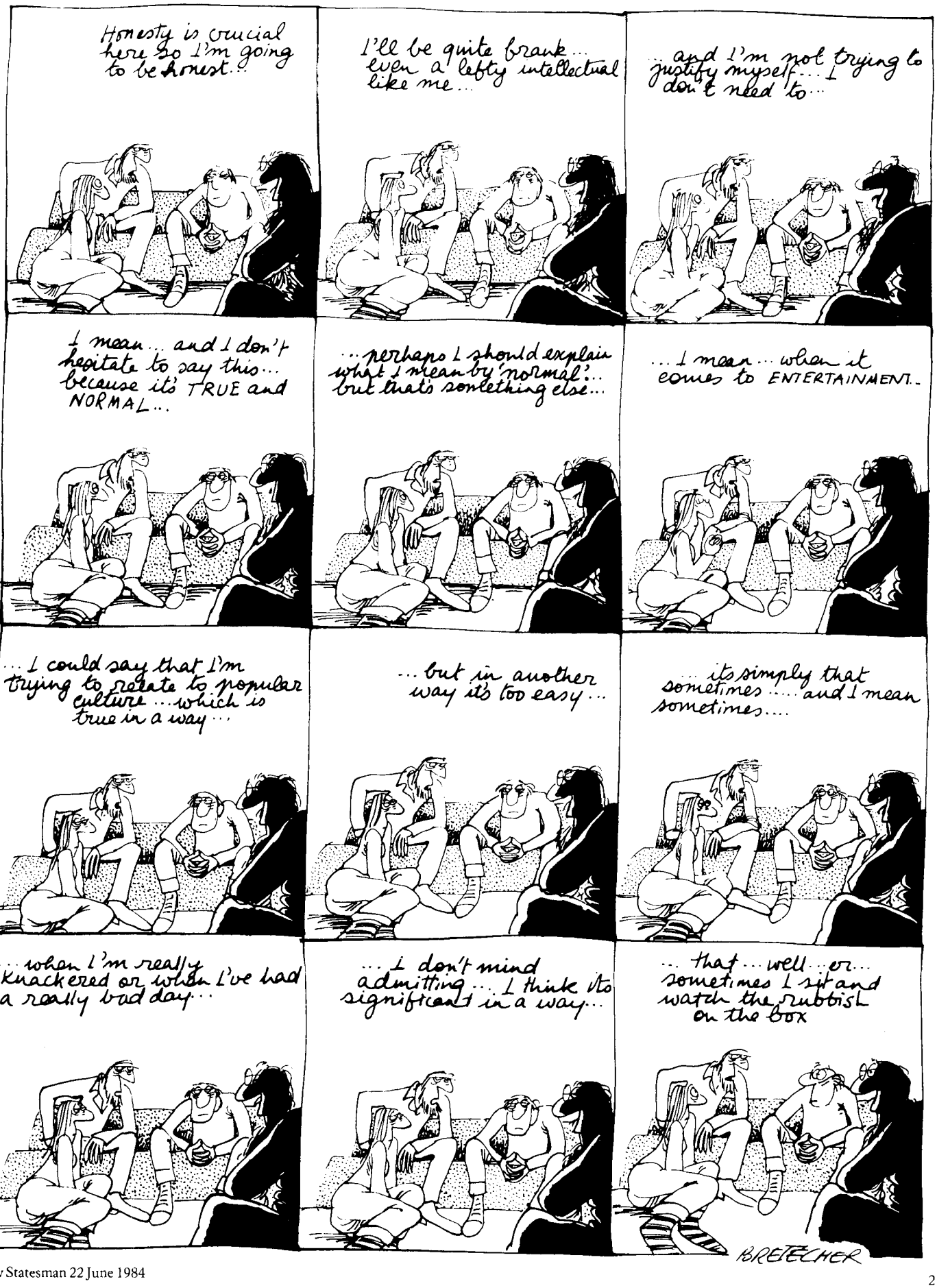
BRETECHER
A SIMPLE MAN


Honesty is crucial here so I'm going to be honest...
I'll be quite frank... even a lefty intellectual like me...
...and I'm not trying to justify myself... I don't need to...
I mean... and I don't hesitate to say this... because it's TRUE and NORMAL...
...perhaps I should explain what I mean by 'normal'... but that's something else...
...I mean... when it comes to ENTERTAINMENT...
...I could say that I'm trying to relate to popular culture... which is true in a way...
...but in another way it's too easy...
...its simply that sometimes.... and I mean sometimes....
...when I'm really knackered or when I've had a really bad day...
...I don't mind admitting... I think its significant in a way...
... that... well... er... sometimes I sit and watch the rubbish on the box
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Resistance rock

Katy Ring, London E10

With reference to Barney Hoskyns's article 'Top of the antipops' (*NS* 15 June), I was not surprised to see 'populist agitrock' tackled in a dismissive, half-embarrassed tone. Superficially, that is fair enough — such a self-respecting revolutionary as Hoskyns is not likely to come out and defend 'proletarian sentimentality' — which, ironically, the paternalist Slade the Leveller calls 'strength'.

On the other hand, I for one will dispute the 'indisputable' ban on rock in a post-revolutionary society. It may be mooted that mean, macho rock will not be appropriate in a socialist society — and *that* I will agree with. However, Hoskyns is missing the political point. In the 80s, inspired, opinionated youth are not merely 'reactionary rabble-rousers' — they are simply not putting their faith in traditionally unsympathetic political parties. Instead, they are quite rationally putting their money and time where their mouth is — in the rock industry and its independent sidekicks. The sense of collective identity, of purposeful revolt, present at a concert is something which should not be overlooked and could be mobilised by a Left which respected 'proletarian' rock instead of facilely relegating it to that growing dustbin of bored reaction.

A credible socialist party has to be built on the predilections and strengths of the people and should be trying to capture the imagination of the young. How about starting by taking our voices of protest seriously; after all, we are autonomous agents and there is more to our existence than being politically useful unemployment statistics.

No rapture

Michael Foot MP, House of Commons

It is quite untrue (as well as being extremely silly) for Nicholas Hyman (Letters 15 June) to write that I ever expressed 'rapture' at the sinking of the *Belgrano*. It is no less untrue or silly for him to say that I invoked 'the spirit of the Falklands' in the election campaign. And it is especially absurd for him to make these accusations when he is berating me, in the same breath, for not 'standing for the United Nations'. Perhaps I should correct these imbecilities before they are carelessly adopted by your more regular correspondents.

The consistent, official policy of the Labour Party, from the beginning of the Falklands affair to the end, was to uphold Britain's allegiance to the Charter of the United Nations, and the Security Council's fulfilment of its duties under the Charter. Of course, I well understood and respected the strong anti-militarist or pacifist sentiment within the Party. But the existence of that legitimate sentiment was not a good reason for abandoning the Party's long-standing obligations as the foremost upholder of a policy dedicated to support for the United Nations. If we had done so, we would have destroyed for ever any future Labour Party attempt to demand allegiance to the Charter and a true United Nations policy. No one in his or her senses would ever have listened to us on that subject again.

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Miners' impetus

Stuart Deacon, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear

Mick Johnson (*NS* 8 June) does not seem to understand mineworkers or to have much sympathy for them either. While I am not a miner myself, I do live in a mining community and as a trade unionist fully support their struggle. But not, incidentally, because of any rhetorical appeals by Arthur Scargill.

By the same token young minors are not on strike because they have been 'galvanised' into it by their president. They are striking because they know this area, like similar ones in Scotland and Wales, will become a wasteland so far as employment is concerned if the pits close. Whole communities will be destroyed.

So far as the police upholding the law and the miners breaking it goes, it would appear from the first article, by Susan Miller, that the whole police operation has been one long exercise in law breaking. If the Notts miners still working choose to leave the Labour Party and to praise the police it will be no great loss. Why don't they also leave the NUM?

Most miners are honest, law-abiding citizens. They are not naturally violent nor are they tools to be manipulated by the Left or the Right. I do not believe Arthur Scargill and his executive are engaged in a manoeuvre to assist the Communist Party. On the contrary, it would be a cheering thought if the Labour Party's leadership and rank-and-file had the same will and determination to win the next general election as the miners and their executive have to win this strike.

Neither Militant nor Clause 4

Alan Haworth, Labour Co-ordinating Committee

Not so long ago the *Daily Telegraph* described me as a hard-line Marxist and a member of the Militant Tendency and, worse, refused to accept my protestations to the contrary and print an apology. Now I am named by John Rentoul (*NS* 15 June) as a member of Clause 4. For the record, I am not and never have been a member of either.

Male myths

Jonathan Evans, South Croydon, Surrey

Gill Hanscombe (*NS* 8 June) has raised some very interesting points about the way in which the dominant groups in our society define our culture. But I could point to a lot of writing by women — the 'commonly accepted women's fare' she herself refers to — and, contrasting it with my own male feelings and values, come to the same conclusion which she reaches: that women's and men's experience and values are clearly very different.

After all, what have I in common with a fiction in which, often, men seem to be used simply as a means for women to escape responsibility for their romantic advantures, in which men are often seen simply as an overwhelming force against which women can only lie back and enjoy what is portrayed as a pleasurable experience!

Of course, I know that's not *quite* what she meant! But why does she assume that *men* want this oppressive culture-system which we're all suffering under? Why does she bolster the oppressor's own myth that they represent all men?

Peace politics

Tony Catterall, Bonn, West Germany

If John Trikni (Letters 1 June) is indeed a disarmament *reporter* he should know the difference between a report and a commentary. My article 'Party blocks' (*NS* 11 May) was not 'all but calling for kicking out communists' from the West German peace movement; nor did it 'hail' a potential split in the movement; and particularly did not 'recommend' such a course.

It *reported*, as he quotes: 'Many people are now coming to the conclusion that a split will have to be provoked to save the movement,' giving the background for such reasoning. The West German peace movement, in particular, must concern itself with developments in the 'other' part of Europe and cannot allow itself to be seen to excuse one side or the other.

It so happens I agree with the reasoning, although I share some of Trinkl's doubts about the conclusion. However, getting rid of the German Communist Party (not all communists are in the party) would not — in his words — be doing 'the government's dirty work for it': as things stand, it's the DKP which is doing the government's dirty work, by holding back the movement's development.

Wrong on Wyatt

Anthony Thwaite, Low Tharston, Norwich

Hugo Williams (*NS* 1 June) berates Nicholas Gecks for taking it upon himself to alter words in poems in the fourth of C4's *Six Centuries of Verse* series. A moment's thought should have made Mr Williams realise that not only are the Wyatt texts notoriously problematical but that someone in the production unit would carefully be listening to check that no actor made a misreading of each carefully rehearsed poem. If there had been any textual faults, they would have been the responsibility of the compiler, writer and consultant: myself.

But in fact there were no 'faults' (unless Mr Williams is setting himself up as a more formidable expert in 16th-century texts than I think he is). 'Once' in line four of the Wyatt is one of several possible readings, not just an emendation by Tottel (or Quiller-Couch); so is 'they put themselves' rather than 'they have put themselves' in the following line. As for Mr William's charge of two misreadings in the Tichbourne, his ears must have deceived him: Nicholas Gecks spoke the words 'youth' and 'The glass'.

Altogether Mr Williams's contemptuous treatment of such things seems extraordinarily perverse when commenting on one programme in a series of 16: wrong in detail, wrong in emphasis, and wrong in spirit.

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John Lucas

Innocence and experience

People Live Here: Selected Poems 1949-1983
LOUIS SIMPSON *Boa Editions* $15.95 & $7.95
Notes From New York and Other Poems
CHARLES TOMLINSON *Oxford* £4.50
Strange Territory
ELIZABETH BARTLETT *Harry Chambers/ Peterloo* £3
Poems 1953-1983
ANTHONY THWAITE *Secker* £8.95

The Second World War was in a sense America's first. How would their soldier-poets write about it? Randall Jarrell, who didn't go to the war but who had read Owen and Sassoon, took an expected route. The waste of war, the pity of war: these themes produced such classics as 'Death of the Ball-Turret Gunner', 'Eighth Air-Force' and 'Pilots Man Your Planes'. For Louis Simpson it was very different. He fought across Europe, from Normandy to Germany. 'During the war I felt there was an intelligence watching and listening,' he says in an end-note to this selection of his poems. It is not a remark that you could imagine coming from Owen, or from Jarrell, and it goes much of the way towards explaining why Simpson's war poems are so different from theirs. Their characteristic response to war is shocked sorrow at the hideousness of things; Simpson's is frequently awed wonder. He is the Yankee a long way from home, an innocent moving through an almost magically charged landscape, fearful but curious, astray but not lost in a haunted wood. And so he writes his great ballad, 'Carentan O Carentan', about the fall of innocence into the experience of war which is also about the American dream of Europe:

> Trees in the old days used to stand
> And shape a shady lane
> Where lovers wandered hand in hand
> Who came from Carentan.
>
> This was the shining green canal
> Where we came two by two
> Walking at combat interval.
> Such trees we never knew . . .

Awed wonder is also there in 'The Battle', which ends: 'Most clearly of that battle I remember/The tiredness in eyes, how hands looked thin/Around a cigarette, and the bright ember/Would pulse with all the life there was within.' It's an almost Dante-like vision of a band of men in a far, dark world of war, presences glimpsed through the tight focus of a point of light. Simpson has a number of other poems about the war which are almost as fine, and to them should be added a masterly short lyric, 'The Silent Generation', which is about the 'enthusiasm' (the poem's *leitmotif*) with which his generation put down Hitler, and then lost its way.

> We lack enthusiasm.
> Life seems a mystery;
> It's like the play a lady
> Told me about: 'It's not . . .
> It doesn't *have* a plot,'
> She said, 'it's history.'

Can you really believe an intelligence is present in a world where life is plotless? Just about. For Simpson is really an ironic fatalist. What is going to happen will happen no matter how much we construct or plan for alternatives. And so he re-reads Whitman, as all American poets must, and that great poet tells him: 'I gave no prescriptions,/And those who have taken my moods for prophecies/Mistake the matter.' To know this is to be liberated from the plot that Americans wish history to have: 'All that grave weight of America/Cancelled!' These lines come from 'Walt Whitman at Bear Mountain', another poem that seems certain to last. As does 'A Story About Chicken Soup', the best of several lovely, quizzical-sombre poems about Simpson's Russian-Jewish origins. And at least a dozen others are here for keeps, including the justly famous and obviously great 'My Father in the Night Commanding No'. I haven't liked Simpson's more recent poems; they have become too relaxed, the mannerisms lapsing into cosiness. But anyone who cares about poetry will want to buy and wear out **People Live Here**.

In contrast, **Notes From New York**, accomplished as it is, is unlikely to send readers back to it again and again. There never feels to be much pressure of actuality in Tomlinson's poems. In the witty 'Ice Cream at Blauenberg' he says that he and his companion(s) (and why don't we know who she/he/they is or are?) 'Get back inside the car and turn about/Into the current of history going on.' But Tomlinson's history isn't like Simpson's. The car might as well be a bathysphere; it's a place for taking notes on the phenomena you observe but with which you feel very little connection beyond a cool curiosity that warms only occasionally to something approaching vision. 'At night/As the wind comes feeling for those boughs/There is nothing now in the dark of an answering strength,/No form to confront and to attest/The amplitude of dawning spaces as when/The tower rebuilt itself out of the mist each morning.' ('The Beech'). That is well enough written, but you have only to set it against Clare's 'The Fallen Elm' to see how little life has fallen into Tomlinson's lines, or could ever do so.

Life, mostly raw, dismal and sad, is the stuff of **Strange Territory**. Elizabeth Bartlett's previous volume was rightly praised because its tart, painful poems were carefully worked at and so genuinely expressive. This new volume gives the impression that she thinks merely cataloguing the miseries will be enough. As a result her reports on abandoned or battered wives, derelicts and geriatric cases lack the terrifying, imaginative precision of Larkin's 'The Old Fools', or the warmth of particularity that would redeem her studies from their

Matthew Sweeney

Ends

At my end of the earth the Atlantic began.
On good days trawlers were flecks far out,
at night the green waves were luminous.
Gulls were the birds that gobbled my crusts
and the air in my bedroom was salty.
For two weeks once a whale decayed
on the pale beach while no-one swam.
It was gelignite that cleared the air.

The uses of village carpenters were many.
Mine made me a pine box with a door,
tarpaulin-roofed, a front of fine-meshed wire.
It suited my friend, the albino mouse
who came from Derry and ate newspaper
and laid black grains on the floor.
When he walked his tail slithered behind.
And when I holidayed once, he starved.

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characteristic drabness. 'Quite a Day' goes some way to catching the harassed, impotently angry, near-wit's-end state of mind of a woman being visited by the social security: 'Cohabiting you said, as if it was/a gob-stopper stuck in your throat./The baby sat in the cat's basket/and chewed on a piece of paper/looking gormless. The whole house/looked gormless and done for and shabby,/so very market stall, so very Co-op.' But although that last line is properly mordant, the general clumsiness of the line-breaks and vocabulary don't so much bring anger into focus as dissipate it. And on the whole the insistent gracelessness of *Strange Territory* makes it difficult to approve of the volume, much as I want to.

Still, I would far rather read Elizabeth Bartlett than Anthony Thwaite. Here is the opening of one of his better-known poems, 'Mr Cooper', which has been compared to Larkin's 'Mr. Bleaney'. But from the names onward, it's the differences that matter.

> Two nights in Manchester: nothing much to do,
> One of them I spent partly in a pub,
> Alone, quiet, listening to people who
> Didn't know me.

You could compile a lengthy list of how-not-to-do-its from such an opening: the wretched rhyme, the slovenly padding, the truly gruesome second line; and so on. But what most enrages me about the poem is its appalling, unimaginative smugness. We are meant to be alerted by Thwaite's feeling of unease over the death of Mr Cooper. But for all he lays claim to such a feeling Thwaite remains utterly unruffled by his 'experience'. Larkin wonderfully creates the salient details out of which we can imagine Bleaney. Thwaite hears and sees nothing. 'A man was trying to convince/ Another man that somehow someone knew/ Something that someone else had somehow done./Two women sat and drank the lagers they/Were drinking when I'd gone. If anyone/ Knew I was there, or had been, or might stay,/ They didn't show it.' Why on earth *should* they? you wonder. But of course the major point is that these people are utterly unreal, part of an attempt to make us believe that the poet is by contrast a man of sensitivity. The same is true of his sequence of 'Victorian Voices', which gives us a series of routine, *Reader's Digest* runs-through of lives of the once eminent but now not-so-famous. Writing like this is the death of imagination, the death of art. □

POLITICAL ESSAYS
Ben Okri

Colouring book

In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens
ALICE WALKER *Women's Press* £12.95 & £4.95

Alice Walker's first collection of essays comes with its own classification: 'Womanist prose'. The dictionary-like entries at the beginning of the volume define womanist: 'a black feminist or feminist of colour', opposite of girlish, mature, occasionally seperatist 'for health', conscious and courageous, 'committed to survival and wholeness of entire people, male and female', values tears, values herself. The last definition reads: 'Womanist is to feminist as purple is to lavender'. Clearly, a wider definition of womanhood is being born.

Almost all the essays in the volume are actively engaged in the task of self-reclamation — from male history, from internalised male conceptions of women, from self-pity. But the volume is firstly and always concerned with the infernal oppression of colour and the double oppression of black women. It is a world within a world within another one, a historical piling and burial. At the centre there is suicide, brutalisation of women, powerlessness. These are essays shored up against despair.

It is a piece of good fortune that the worthwhile writers break the mould of their own classifications. Alice Walker's interests are involved with the facts of her own life. Born of sharecropper parents, nearly blinded at the age of eight by copper pellets from her kid brother's gun, married at one point to an Irish Jew, a near suicide at college, no fact is without its complex of anguish. Saved from suicide by a friend's offer of a flower and a helpless smile, she emerged to write her first collection of poems.

The best essays in the book are in the most conscious and clear tradition of women who know the value of throwing a solid rope to themselves and to others. Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* and Flannery O'Connor's *The Life You Save Could Be Your Own* are important in this respect. But the facts of Alice Walker's background are harsher than those of either Woolf or O'Connor. Born to indentured servants from the deepest South, growing into the Civil Rights Movement, the ropes she must throw to herself must come from the heart of how black women survived slavery, a life of unremitting cruelties, children sold off, hardship in the fields, a total absence of privacy, fear.

In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens is unique in its blending of the facts of a life and the solutions that must emerge from (not be superimposed on) an understanding of the facts. Goethe wrote somewhere that a heritage is not possessed till it has been acquired. To be whole, Alice Walker found that she had to go back, had to break myths and look freshly at how the women who were slaves survived, had to fill in the women in Black American history, especially the artists. She found that there were stifled black women who wrote before she did; she found a world where the world told her there was emptiness.

This explains the serenity and insistence of tone throughout the book. The essays are weapons fighting many battles: the battle for women's freedom, for women's solidarity, against the black macho, against that aspect of the Cuban revolution that treats homosexuals like outcasts, against the black men who prefer fair black women, against whiter-than-thou within the black women's movements and, overwhelmingly, against the blindness that is the white heritage. But, however tight are the nets she sees enmeshing the spirit of black women, as great is her joy of discovery. This is one of the healthiest collections of essays I have come across in a long time. You seldom get writers writing so personally, so feelingly about the need to be saved, about the ways in which that personal salvation can be achieved. What she says about the black woman she says from the depths of oppression. What is said from the depths of oppression illuminates all the other oppressions.

ALICE WALKER is brilliant when she is reading her own perceptions into an interpretation of the writers that matter to her. There is an essay in the volume on O'Connor's *Everything that Rises Must Converge*: she sees in it a nightmare world where homogeneity creeps over rawness: so that the American South now comes to resemble the North, with its brutality, its acquisitiveness. Blacks begin to imitate the whites, straightened hair and all. The blacks who hate whites then come to end up borrowing the savagery of the haters of blacks. In the corruption of the world's spirit, they all converge, cancel out one another. In the title essay of the collection, she reads, and wholly understands, the strange betrayal of a poem by Phillis Wheatley, a slave woman who wrote in praise of her *white* goddess: she sees her as the spirit of all artists who sang without a name, who still sing in the voices of black women.

And there are many contradictions — none of them indictable. Occasionally she uses the general 'his'; occasionally she remembers that 'history' should be 'herstory'; sometimes she uses 'man'. It is only because feminism can plumb some pretty trivial depths of quibbling that these stand out. There are other problems. The earliest essays reveal a quick-mindedness about social and political problems, a re-assessment of the Civil Rights Movement — the later ones have a sometimes pat tone. Entanglements in vengeance and responsibility, in hating whites for slavery and now for hanging nuclear bombs over everyone's head, make it difficult to speak so clearly. How are black Americans supposed not to half-feel that the bombs serve the white world right? So, with all the magnificent love and compassion, there is also an undercurrent of belief in violence.

And there are many gifts. Alice Walker believes in spirits — her mothers did. Loss of hope is not an indulgence which can be afforded: she pays tribute to the women 'who literally covered the holes in our walls with sunflowers'. The other side of despair is magic; the colour purple is the colour of them both.

Alice Walker's prose is spare, direct. There is much in this volume that is transferable, useful. The collective achievement is bigger than its classification: it throws connections to all the secret gardens without which there can be no proper revolution. And black women, women, cannot now be ignored. To do so is to delay the future. □

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PSYCHOANALYSIS
Michael Heffernan

Heresy

Freud: The Assault on Truth
J.M. MASSON *Faber* £9.95

If, as Jung predicted, the history of psychoanalysis and its heretics will one day be written on the model of the early Church, this book will find its place as the work of a minor but troublesome Manichaean.

Minor, because Jeffrey Masson's arguments are weak, his questions begged and his confusions obvious. Troublesome because his voluminous notes display a quantity of original research, made possible only by the enthusiasm of the psychoanalytic hierarchy, which first appointed him to high office in the Freud Archives and, later, when he began publishing his ideas, dismissed him. The message he preaches condemns Freudian analysis as an instrument of the bad against the good, the powerful and violent parent against the weak and innocent child.

Jeffrey Masson was originally a professor of Sanskrit. When he trained in psychoanalysis, his documentary skills made him a natural candidate to edit Freud's unpublished manuscripts and he set about collecting the letters to Wilhelm Fliess, Freud's closest friend of the 1890s. Invited to explore Freud's personal library, Masson came across several books which were clearly relics of Freud's visit to Paris in 1885 as a student of the neurologist Charcot. Freud always regarded this trip as a turning-point in his intellectual history and in particular gave Charcot the credit for discovering 'the traumatic origin of hysteria'.

It was Freud, however, who gave substance to the theory by believing his hysterical patients when they regularly claimed they had been seduced or raped as children. The seduction theory was, for Freud, his first step forward in psychiatry. He was never to discard the principle that the root cause of neurosis must have a sexual character. But in 1887, in a letter to Fliess, he began seriously to doubt his patients' stories, partly because of the similarities between them and partly because he concluded that, if they were true, they implied that a much higher proportion of parents were guilty of abusing their children sexually than common sense allows; in particular his own self-analysis had brought forth a seduction story and Freud was unwilling to accept that his own father would have seduced him in reality. The traumas associated with hysteria, he decided, must be fantasies. At first he was disappointed, as he had hoped the seduction theory would win him money and fame. But his change of heart was to open the way for the whole theory of fantasy from which Freud mapped out his revolutionary picture of the mind and its central moment, the Oedipus complex.

Masson's book is devoted to attacking Freud for his shift from real to fantasised seduction as the basis of hysteria. In Freud's library, he discovered several French medical books describing assaults on children, which seem to imply that child rape was much more frequent than conventional society accepted. Freud is also known to have attended autopsies at the Paris morgue and Masson shows he may well have witnessed cases of assaulted children. He must therefore have known, the argument goes, that child rape was common enough for his patients to be telling the truth, 'common sense' notwithstanding.

In presenting this material, Masson develops a moral theme which comes to dominate the book. For him, the important measure of integrity among the French writers of the medical books in Freud's library is: did they believe the children when they described the horrors inflicted on them by their parents? The equivalent measure in relation to Freud is: did he believe his patients? This false parallel, between a justified and a blind belief, is just one of a series that the book employs to brand Freud as a dishonest coward.

Masson claims that Freud in his heart never abandoned the seduction theory, but had powerful motives for appearing to do so. First, the theory had resulted in Freud's virtual isolation from the medical community, which ridiculed it. Freud, Masson believes, thought the substitution of fantasy for real abuse would make his ideas more acceptable. There is, however, no evidence for this and it could be argued that, in placing the origins of neurosis in the unconscious, Freud made more enemies for himself. After all, this abolished the innocent image of childhood as well as the clear division of the mad from the sane.

But Masson gives Freud a more specific motive. While working through the Fliess correspondence, Masson was able to explore what was probably the biggest case of clinical bungling in Freud's career — the operation on the nose of his hysterical patient Emma Eckstein, performed by Fliess, which led to repeated haemorrhages and almost to her death. The intention was to relieve her sexual overstimulation: Fliess believed there was an energy link between the female sex organs and the nose. She was left disfigured. Freud's attachment to Fliess was so intense he felt compelled to shield his friend from blame and was soon attributing Emma's bleeding to her hysteria.

Here, says Masson, was a powerful motive for a wider change in Freud's ideas: 'in order to . . . efface the external trauma of the operation, it would prove necessary to construct a theory of hysterical lying whereby the external traumas of the patient never happened, but are fantasies'. The clear implication is that Freud projected his own lying into his patients.

In this form of attack, Masson is caught in a web of paradox. He avoids dealing seriously with Freud's reasons for changing his theory and instead makes tendentious interpretations of his weaknesses; yet this is exactly the approach to truth he condemns in Freud. In Masson's hands, interpretation becomes the tool of a crude morality: a turn of the switch and his own book could be written off as itself a seduction fantasy, courtesy of Papa Freud.

Another irony lies in Masson's attack on his critics, whose animosity 'has its source in an emotionally charged aversion to the truth of the theory itself'. Here, if anywhere, is a case of willed disbelief. Masson assumes he just has to pull out an unconscious motive to interpret criticism as support. Fundamentally arrogant, Masson's approach to his theme assaults the reader with one description after another of the abuse of children and the sufferings of the unfortunate Emma Eckstein. As it bears little on the truth or falsity of the seduction theory, this material is left for the reader to swallow as therapy: we need to be disturbed to understand the truth. Masson's treatment of Freud and his ideas is itself a caricature of psychoanalysis, not the radical break he craves. □

FICTION
Roger Lewis

Young blood

The Last Romantic Out of Belfast
SAM KEERY *Blackstaff Press* £3.95
Fur
JEREMY LUCAS *Cape* £7.50

Publishers use reviewers as adjuncts to the commercial process. But for the critic the point is not to advertise a book but to interpret it. A regular column dealing with new fiction is a useful reminder to the academic that the world is not just full of acknowledged masterpieces. Further, it can show how acknowledged masterpieces have saturated new fiction.

The Last Romantic Out of Belfast transplants to Ulster one of Eire's most famous literary sons. Joe McCabe is a version of Stephen Dedalus. This excellent first novel by Sam Keery is a portrait of an artist as a young dog. Joycean models are used with care. There is none of the self-consciously mad erudition which Anthony Burgess, for example, decided to find in the Irish master.

At first we are not told the hero's name. All is anonymous and distanced. Language mimics infant locutions and perceptions. The intelligent and sensitive personage through whom the narrator filters the book's world is beset by indistinct grown-ups. Faces loom at the boy in mockery. An exultation of aunts sips sherry and giggles. 'He caught the smell of what was in the little glasses. It was a very serious smell.' Children judge everything they apprehend with the same degree of intentness. They have not learned to be carefree — hence their ability to play. A game is not a holiday from reality but a reality from which adults, because they have lost the ability to consider games profound, are excluded.

The boy asks his father, a proud cobbler whose only recreation is attending the funerals of relatives, how we can be sure things exist when we are not looking at them? What does an object look like when unseen? The father merely grumps that such impertinent issues had better not be raised in class. The world

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might be a school of enquiry, but it has little room for the inquisitive.

Like Stephen Dedalus, Joe at school has to cope with vindictive older boys and the ritual humiliations of institutional life. Wielder of the rod is Miss Pym, who teaches geography by stabbing at maps with a cane. Joe could read before he enrolled and proceeds to master sums easily. The class-room wall is decorated with an array of posters appertaining to each month. In them a girl and boy gambol with seasonal alacrity. They are Joe's first romantic attachments: 'when he lay in bed at night he would think of them kissing him passionately'.

As a Romantic, Joe is ritualistically ill. Instead of Keatsian consumption he receives a burst appendix. Hospital gives him an intimation of mortality and a strange pleasure in having cheated death by virtue of his youthfulness. Vera, a cousin whom he loves because she resembles Judy Garland in *The Wizard of Oz*, is not so fortunate. Her frailty is not fashionable *demureness but usurpation by the tubercle*. Dead and buried, she is replaced in Joe's affections by Lena Wilson, an evacuee from distant London. Her presence 'made Joe want to do brave and heroic things in her sight'. He reenacts recent war victories in the backyard of a pub with corks and an empty barrel. Chivalry is afoot elsewhere. American soldiers announce their arrival in town by bestrewing gutters and alleys with used condoms. A shy lady who swops knitting patterns with Mrs McCabe is glimpsed dancing horizontally with a GI down by the river.

Joe's education coincides with events in the international news. He discovers the rhetorical excitements of Macaulay on the same day as the history of the future is being created. But Joe is unmoved by current affairs. Epiphanies (as Joyce would call them) come unaided by Churchill and Eisenhower. A train journey to Dublin is enough to sweep him into a mood 'of pure rapture that all his life was still to come'.

Romantics usually lose their way in a wilderness of opportunities. Joe wanders about Belfast as Stephen slinks along Sanymount Strand. 'He was bridgeless. He no longer belonged. He was *outside*.' Dissatisfied with clerking for a feckless tycoon and book-keeping for the ailing textile industry, a passage is arranged for distant shores. Immigration papers are approved. It is time to fly: will he be a Dedaelus and soar, or will he be Icarian and fall with a bump?

Adventure is the key note to **Fur**. As my family have been Welsh farmers and butchers since 1868, sentimentality towards animals has never, as it were, been in the blood. Rearing animals for food, I am sure, is a moral issue distinct from slaughtering wildlife for vanity. This latter nobody should condone.

But, according to Jeremy Lucas, the Canadian government is happy to exterminate harp-seals so long as the population of Newfoundland is employed. The novel reads like a documentary. An expedition sets forth from London University to make a statistical study of the creatures foredoomed because of their pelts. The scientists are not conservationists; they set sail with open minds. Discoveries, made by careful logging and calculation, are startling. Indiscriminate culling has weakened the species. There is a high rate of still-birth. The hunters have inverted ecological law by murdering the sleek and leaving the diseased. The book is harrowing to read because the author writes with a calm but accumulating anger we begin to share. He is sure that once the seals are extinct 'there will be only a casual murmur of loss.'

If *Fur* has a fault, it is to have grafted onto a dramatic topic an extra, intrusive layer of activity. The walk along the ensanguinated floes, past the flayed corpses of seals, their number-tags pathetically intact, is a more moving ending than any gallant arrival by the jolly British Navy on the closing page. □

SOCIOBIOLOGY
Anne Karpf

Beastly habits

The Redundant Male
JEREMY CHERFAS and JOHN GRIBBIN
Bodley Head £9.95

Those who seek to argue the veracity of their theories can rarely do better than to invoke the name of Science. Pad out your text with research, thickly scatter it with footnotes and references to prolix journals, and you instantly acquire a kind of magical intellectual purity.

For a perfect example of using science in this way you couldn't do better than this book whose authors, two respected science journalists, have produced a piece of popular science which is sociobiology at its crudest. The prime exponent of sociobiology, Edward Wilson, defined it in 1975 as 'the systematic study of the biological basis of all social behaviour'. It's a sort of inverted anthropomorphism which aggregates all species and extrapolates human behaviour from that of non-human animals.

Cherfas and Gribbin's book is subtitled 'Is Sex Irrelevant in the Modern World?' They want to know why, since some other species use asexual means of reproduction, humans go on using sex. They find this especially curious in the case of women since, if their cells could be induced to develop on their own (a process known as parthenogenesis) and they produced without men only parthenogenetic daughters, they could have twice as many descendants.

While teasing out this reproductive conundrum, Cherfas and Gribbin indulge in cartoon-strip biologism, a Tarzan-Jane polarisation of sex-roles. In what was once a Nature/Nurture debate, nature now has a monologue. 'All the differences between male and female can be seen as the results of their different hormones, which in turn stem from their different chromosomes.'

So, while women are at the mercy of their eggs, men are in thrall to their testosterone.

> Testosterone is . . . responsible for the competitive, 'masculine' aspects of being male. . . You can think of all sorts of reasons why young men might be more competitive and more willing to take risks, but in the end you come down to our evolutionary heritage, our animal past as it is so often derogatorily called.

Adieu centuries of discussion, mountains of counter evidence. Feminists, men who find themselves squashed uneasily within male stereotypes, childless or promiscuous women, nurturing males, other differing cultures — all disappear by a wave of the sociobiology wand (or appear only as freakish deviants). No matter either that recent work in psychology has shown that sex-differences tests which are predicated on the belief that femininity and masculinity lie at opposite ends of a spectrum are misconceived.

Cherfas and Gribbin offer us the Barbara Cartland world of thrusting libertines and caring virgins, the male of the species genetically programmed to impregnate as many women as he can manage. To our intrepid duo, not only is male promiscuity inscribed in our genes, they even argue an evolutionary function for pornography, implying that men use it to help them pass on their genes, especially to other men's wives.

This account, like other works of sociobiology, is wholly myopic on the subject of culture and social organisation. Cherfas and Gribbin promisingly entitle one chapter 'Sex and Society'. They even declare in its opening paragraph, 'We are cultural animals. The details of the culture may vary, but every human being lives within a society'.

They then proceed to ignore this very precept, to imply a homogeneity among human societies, to suture together wildly different cultures. They are blithely ahistorical. They have no conception of social, political or economic power as independent of, and not

William Scammell

O goldfish
in your naked water
putting a girdle round the earth
I daren't catch your satellite eye.
Feeding nose-butting growing & shrinking
you hang by your mouth from the top of the world

lip under lip, or practise gorgeous stories with
your tail, Scheherezade in the pine palace
of our kitchen, where the Sultan's
dOzed Off in his
silver bbb

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harnessed to, biological differences.

And, above all, they have no understanding of gender as a social construction which varies at different historical periods. You need only a fleeting familiarity with history to see how the dominant ideologies of femininity have and do continually change in response to society's political and economic needs: woman as economically and industrially essential, woman as domestic mainstay, woman as sexually gluttonous, woman with 'not tonight, dear, I've got a headache. . .'

There is no hint of this in the simplistic schema of Cherfas and Gribbin. On the contrary, it wouldn't be past them to argue the genetic basis of the 1950s semi in suburbia (plus 2.4 children, car and a dog called Rover) so wedded are they to the universality and evolutionary basis of marriage.

The late American anthropologist Evelyn Reed, who was prominent in opposing sociobiology in general and Edward Wilson in particular, lambasted Wilson for projecting the patriarchal marriage institution of human beings back into the animal world, misleadingly introducing terms about private ownership of property and inheritance into the insect and animal world.

From the birds and the bees to Prince Charles and Lady Di — it may be a giant leap for humankind, but it's only a tiny step for sociobiologists.

> It seems that both Prince Charles and Lady Diana made exactly the right choice of spouse, the choice that, given the chance, our own genes would make for us. We somehow recognise this and that is why their alliance strikes such a chord worldwide.

Should such accounts of sexual behaviour be taken seriously? However fanciful Cherfas and Gribbin's book sounds, it is part of a spreading school of thought which has achieved academic and intellectual respectability. Perhaps the more pressing contemporary question to ask is not are sex differences and the sexual division of labour largely biological, but why such a question is being posed in such a way today.

Intellectual ideas don't grow by accident. They are embedded in institutional soil, fertilised by social attitudes, nourished by the economic and political climate. Evelyn Reed called sociobiology 'genetic capitalism'. Zoologist Deirdre Janson-Smith, in an interesting chapter on sociobiology in *Alice Through the Microscope* (Virago), argues that it conceives of sexual relationships in terms of the market economy — investment and return, efficiency and maximisation of profits. She concludes:

> Crude sociobiological ideas have been, and I believe will continue to be, used to help us 'accept' the restriction of our social role. In times of growing unemployment there is usually a call to give the jobs to the 'real' workers (the men), and we are then told that Nature not society has shaped us as housewives and mothers. There is a clear correlation between the appearance of such biological theories and the varying need for female labour.

So haven't we had enough studies for the present on the mating behaviour of the elephant seal? Mightn't we more profitably explore the female of the species in her habitat, the social structure? □

THEATRE
Naseem Khan

Farce and furious

David Corio

Overdressed but undeterred: Michael Graham Cox in Keeffe's *A Mad World My Masters*

Mandragola
National, Olivier
A Mad World My Masters
Stratford East
Twelfth Night
Actors' Touring Company
The War at Home
Hampstead
Minor Complications
Theatre Upstairs, Royal Court

Good sets usually signal to you the moment you enter the auditorium — Peter Hartwell's oppressively neat kitchen in the Half Moon's *Delicatessen*, for instance, or Bob Crowley's detailed, sprawling, 40s bar for the RSC's *Time of Your Life*.

So what to make of **Mandragola**, as realised by designer Roger Glossop? Large, baroque, Italian piazza; church at the rear and putti-studded fountain; houses and al fresco bar grouped around: it reminded me of the glorious, elaborate sets they used to have for pantomimes. You had only to look at the empty set and you could see where peasants/woodland animals/retinue would come inevitably warbling in, and where the princess would be serenaded by the prince. Probably pantomime is the kindest way to see *Mandragola*, translated (colloquially) by Wallace Shawn from Machiavelli's 16th-century Italian and set in the present day: Pantomime for Adults or whatever phrase is currently in use to describe a rugger-club joke masquerading as Culture.

Here's the joke — Callimacho has become obsessed with the beautiful Lucrezia, virtuous young wife of an elderly lawyer. How on earth can he get to screw her? Posing as a doctor, he persuades her husband that his wife will conceive if she drinks the juice of the mandragola. One snag — the first man who sleeps with her will unfortunately die. However, they can just pick up some layabout from the streets and shove him in Lucrezia's bed for the night and they'll be laughing. And so it comes about, and you can guess who the young layabout really is. . .

The National, under director David Gilmore, have much fun with this rather barren exercise. The production is rich in inventive tricks and busy little sub-sub-plots, from a decanter of piss that inadvertently gets absorbed into the business of the open-air bar to the fountain's suddenly bursting into life at the moment of (offstage) coition. And there is, to be fair, some attempt to point up a philosophical base-line: 'The thing that is right is the thing that is helpful to most people,' agrees the venal priest, persuaded to talk Lucrezia into co-operation. But for all the energy and detail and downright National ability, it still remains a bafflingly pointless event.

A Mad World My Masters also sets out — with a fraction of the National's resources — to provide a romp with a bite. Barrie Keeffe's play, first produced by Joint Stock in 1977, is a broad, meandering comedy. Though going back in spirit to Middleton's Jacobean city-comedies, it's set in the East End today and deals with the attempts of the Sprightley clan (notable local villains) to get even with unctuous industrialist Horace Claughton. As farce demands, Claughton has a fatal weakness. Well, several, actually, including a passion for schoolgirls and a yearning for a knighthood. So the Sprightleys and a hawkish gossip columnist engineer his firstly being caught *in flagrante* with a Mrs Thatcher lookalike and, secondly, attending a do at Buck House dressed as a duck. 'Oh what a trick, He must be as thick As a prick,' to quote Machiavelli's immortal words as filtered through Wallace Shawn.

Jane Howell's production concentrates on width rather than quality (phallic jokes seem inevitable, but I'll come back to that later). By now it should have established a rhythm and discipline for itself, both lacking in the final preview I saw, but I fear it is still hampered by the same extremely forgettable songs, against which even the gutsy talents of Imelda Staunton struggled in vain. Keeffe has updated his play — Docklands Redevelopment for Silver Jubilee

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and, more centrally, Mrs Thatcher as Claughton's lust-object rather than Angela Rippon. So it is Mrs T who does a full frontal strip while spinning out political exhortations. This gives a new meaning to the phrase 'cover up'.

Even so, I must confess to a feeling of disquiet. Seven years of being induced, with much reason, by the women's movement to look more closely at stereotypes has its effect. It is worth considering whether a play with such an overriding concern with unruly male members, aphrodisiacs and schoolgirls' knickers belongs more in the realm of wishful male fantasy than mature Rabelaisian fun.

Sue Todd reviewed the Actors' Touring Company's **Twelfth Night** in some detail, so I shall do little more than commend it to you. John Rentallack's robust, fresh production abjures the dying fall often associated with this play without losing any of the subtlety. Performed, when I saw it, in the lovely gardens of Fenton House — the serenity broken only by the bat-like squeak of digital watches — it was an occasion to treasure. The play's warm-hearted view of human absurdity balanced the week's more cynical theatre events.

The War At Home by James Duff is magnificent in detail. Set in a comfortable family home 11 years ago — the convincing set is by Sue Plummer — it reeks of small-town middle America. The attitudes of the Collier family, for good or bad, spring from that same secure base. The tragedy of it is that those attitudes are tested in a situation far beyond their capacity. It is a year since their son Jeremy came back from Vietnam, a year in which he has isolated himself from the bickering conventionalities of family life behind a passive uninvolved front. With Thanksgiving coming, family pressure from his parents and sister increases for him to conform — get a job, wear a suit — and leads inexorably to a violent final explosion of recrimination and hate. In the end everyone fails. The strength of this able first play is that it rejects the simple formulae of good and bad. Both parents and children struggle in the grip of a phenomenon neither can understand. Michael Attenborough's production gives strength and cohesion to a fluid, intelligent, wordy play and is distinguished by a splendid performance by David Threlfall as the returned son.

Elisabeth Bond tries to encompass the same sort of ambiguities in her **Minor Complications** but fails, largely, I suspect, because she is too distant from 1946 India and women of the time. Her play, set in pre-Partition India, attempts to show a friendship across the divide of politics: on the one side a politically conscious Muslim woman doctor, on the other an effervescent English memsahib and mother-to-be. Such an aim must depend on complete conviction of detail and the lack of it made this a thin outline rather than a play. The recent Raj razmataz has made us more aware of period errors (coffee incessantly ordered rather than the ubiquitous tea) and the Indian side of things was similarly flawed. On the night that I went, for instance, a woman sitting in front of me instinctively moved to cover her head when the *azan* (or call to prayer) sounded. The orthodox Muslim girl in the play did not. A potentially first-class cast worked hard, without enough to get its teeth into. □

ART
John Spurling

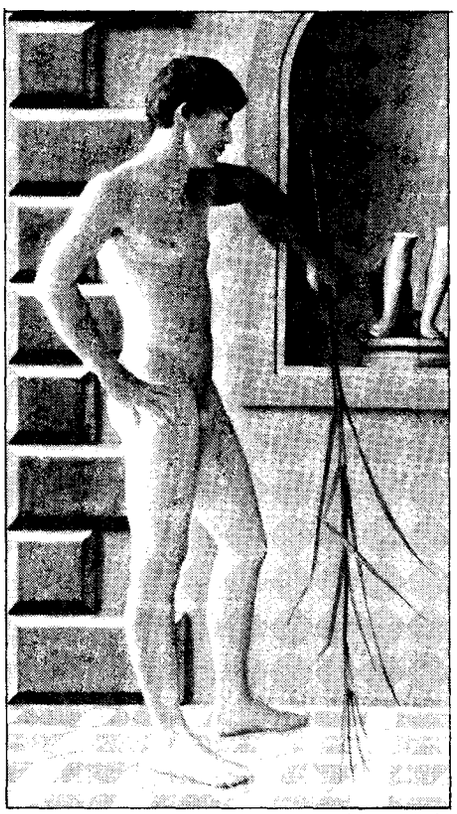
Culture club

From Borso to Cesare d'Este: The School of Ferrara
Matthiesen Fine Art, Mason's Yard, Duke Street, London SW1
La Pittura Colta
Edward Totah, 13 Old Burlington Street, London W1

'The tallest trees in the little wood of Ferrarese art', according to Berenson, were Cosimo Tura and his near contemporary Francesco Cossa, their follower Ercole Roberti and his pupil Lorenzo Costa. Ferrarese art flourished between the mid-fifteenth and mid-seventeenth centuries when the city was ruled by the Este family, whose best known members were Isabella (married to a Gonzaga of Mantua) and her brother Alfonso (married to Lucrezia Borgia), though all the Estes seem to have been notable patrons.

The School of Ferrara was last shown in London 90 years ago. It is not an easy group to re-assemble, since Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, who seized Ferrara for the Pope in 1598, looted almost all the moveable art in the city. Matthiesen's exhibition — in aid of the Courtauld Institute's appeal for funds towards its move into Somerset House — has been culled from many public and private collections both here and abroad, but contains only four items from Ferrara itself.

There is a token representation of Berenson's 'tallest trees' — one small painting apiece by Tura and Cossa, three by Costa and one and three doubtfuls by Ercole — but enough to suggest the 'rock-born men' and dry, stony landscapes, 'the austere vision of vehement primaeval beings in a severely mineral world' for which Berenson chiefly admired them. There is also a powerfully stern head of Christ by Mantegna, who was a fellow-student with Tura and Cossa, visited Ferrara on at least two occasions and was employed by Isabella d'Este and the Gonzagas in nearby Mantua.



Hanover Studios

Two fingers to art history? Detail from Carlo Bertocci's 'Oracolo Di Pan'

The later Ferrarese painters had a softer, more ingratiating manner (learnt from Venice and Bologna) which Berenson felt had fatally weakened the original vision, but this is not entirely borne out by Matthieson's exhibition. What Tura, Cossa and Ercole externalised into their harsh, almost surrealistic setting and eremitic subjects, the later painters — among them Garofalo, L'Ortolano, Bastorolo, Dosso and Bononi — still pursued, more aggreeably, through the withdrawn expressions and subtly distanced relationships of their figures.

The people in these paintings are placed together from some good reason — to worship the Christ child, to mourn Christ dead, to receive the severed head of John the Baptist or admonish the woman taken in adultery — but their togetherness is purely physical; their thoughts and reactions remain individual and apart; their comfort is not in each other, not even in the charming appurtenances of landscape, architecture and rich clothing that surround them, but only, like the hermits, in their solitary faith. It is a perception we know in its secular, rural form from Chekhov, but not one we usually associate with the genial, sociable, urban world of the Italian High Renaissance. Perhaps it is a partly provincial frame of mind — a measure of the Ferrarese School's distance from Florence, Rome and Venice as of the three sisters' from Moscow — but it looks like a distinct regional temperament, a sober inwardness and independence which chime with Ferrara's reputation as a political opponent of the Papacy.

The Edward Totah gallery has chosen to open its new premises in Old Burlington Street with the very latest Italian School, christened **La Pittura Colta.** Its cause is not much forwarded by a laughably atrocious translation of Italo Mussa's introduction to the School in which he appears to speak of

> a crossroads of art where wild adventures into some kind of sudden madness bestow the creative act with a special splendour, despite its envelopment in the thick white fog of an artistic downfall, lost in the silent interior landscapes of the mind.

The main idea of the 'Cultured Painters' is the recycling of classical, neo-classical and neo-neo-

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classical motifs for an age in which they have not only lost their original meanings, but even those re-imposed on them by 19th-century symbolists and 20th-century surrealists. What remains? Each artist practises an easily recognisable personal style: Carlo Maria Mariani specialises in playful Apollos and Cupids very solemnly posed; Carlo Bertocci in naked youths (and occasionally maidens) in crisp architectural settings against bright sugary landscapes; Alberto Abate in elaborate masks and contrasts between living and sculptured figures against lurid sunset skies; Ubaldo Bartolini in small Claudean landscapes and so on. They share, however, an assured lack of conviction, a sense of blatant pointlessness — expressed in rubbery flesh, languid poses and photographer's studio space — which suggests not so much the commercial art of advertising (that, after all, has a purpose) as a kind of knowingly commercial high art.

It is not just that they are offering cut-price Davids or Alma-Tademas or Claudes to the new rich, but that they are doing so with suspiciously straight faces: impossible to tell whether they really take themselves seriously or are laughing behind their portentously empty images. And this ambiguity, of course, can easily be erected into a purpose: a *fin de siècle* art which, in alluding to the earnest symbolism of the previous *fin de siècle*, renders it meaningless, perhaps even ludicrous; decadence mocking decadence and thereby increasing it; two fingers to art history or a nice piece of camp decor in an impeccable tradition. Or both, for in effect this is deliberately negligible art which aspires to make all art seem equally so. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Trompe l'oeil

The Return of Martin Guerre (15)
Curzon
Angel (18)
General release
Patu! (PG)
Phoenix
Running Brave (PG)
Classic, Haymarket
The Osterman Weekend (18)
Leicester Square Theatre; London release

Daniel Vigne's **The Return of Martin Guerre**, with a script co-authored by the ubiquitous Jean-Claude Carrière, is prefaced by an anonymous voice promising *'une pure et vraie histoire'*, was found good enough in its native land to pick up three French Academy Awards and is unquestionably handsome in its recreation of sixteenth-century village life. And yet this re-working of a celebrated case of suspected imposture and its outcome, first recorded by a participating judge, Jean de Coras, in his *Arrest Memorable* of 1561 and subsequently the inspiration for a play, two novels and an operetta, proves something of a disappointment on several counts.

In the Pyrenean hamlet of Artigat, two children barely in their teens — Bertrande de Rols bringing a solid dowry to young Martin Guerre — are wed. After several years of non-consummation, Martin is cured of impotence by a wise woman and maybe the local priest, fathering a son. Then Martin rows with his father over a theft and abandons Bertrande. Nine years later, a husky, unshaven Martin (now the shambling Gérard Depardieu) returns, to be received by wife, sisters, old nurse and most of the villagers with open arms. But his uncle Pierre, married to Bertrande's mother, falls out with Martin over money, calls him an impostor after two vagabonds identify him as Arnaud, nicknamed Pansette, from Tihl, and lays a judicial complaint. At a village hearing presided over by judge Jean de Coras (Roger Planchon), Martin is cleared from suspicion. The uncle, however, presses on, securing a formal trial in Toulouse with some complicity from Bertrande (Nathalie Baye) this time, enraged as Martin/Depardieu convincingly conducts his own defence. Then a one-legged man swings into court, claiming to be the real Martin Guerre . . .

An extraordinary tale, no question, and if the screen-telling of it is a lot less pure and true than suggested perhaps we may allow Carrière and his director some licence, a few curlicues (such as the neat notion of Bertrande's displaying in court that she can write her name, thus 'proving' her X on a document is forged) in the larger cause of excitement. Yet this fails to materialise. For all the enigmatic glances on

Theatre

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THE PIT
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Galleries

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PENTONVILLE GALLERY 47, Lambs Conduit St., London WC1 01-242 8629. Michael Peel — Signs of the Time — photo works of current cold war revival. Tue-Fri 11am-6pm, Sats 11am-2pm. GLC funded, financially assisted by GLAA.

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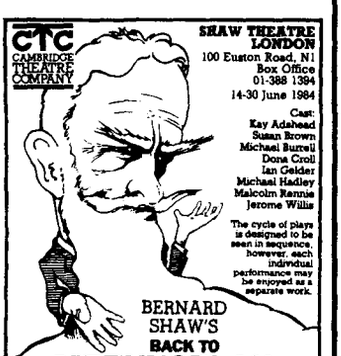
Theatre



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offer from Depardieu and Baye, the excellence of Planchon as the judge, the trickiness of a flashback (or flash-forward) technique which has Planchon wringing facts from unwilling Baye, and the ambiguous details of village intrigue, about as much suspense is generated as might be present in a small elastic band.

And, if we then turn elsewhere for interest — to the marital-erotic relationship between Martin/Depardieu and his Bertrande, his fathering on her of a baby daughter, we are likely to find this potentially rich seam scarcely mined at all. Last, not least, though it looks authentic (trampling grapes in giant barrels; dim-lit, painterly interiors), *The Return of Martin Guerre* feels and sounds too modern. I wanted more clouds of superstition, more fear of church and magic, a greater sense of the four-century gap dividing us and these mummers.

God knows, if one wants an extreme sense of the American 'now' one need hardly look further than Robert Vincent O'Neil's **Angel**, where a pumping-iron, mother-obsessed, necrophiliac knife-wielder is slashing to bits hookers accosted on LA's all-human-dregs-are-here Hollywood Boulevard. The unbeguiling centre of this misbegotten 'comedy-thriller' is Donna Wilkes (a pauper's Sally Field) as 15-year-old Molly, abandoned successively by father and mother and putting herself through a posh school — where she gets straight-As — by her earnings as child-whore, Angel, by night.

Her ever-loving mentors are Dick Shawn as heavily wisecracking transvestite Mae and Rory Calhoun as aged Tom-Mixed-up sidewalk cowboy, Kit Carson. There are also Angel's foul-mouthed, Jewish, lesbian, Sunday-painting landlady (Susan Tyrrell) and Cliff Gorman as the police lieutenant in harassed pursuit of the psychopathic killer. We learn that Angel has been whoring since 12, a state of affairs the film goes close to endorsing by making her older pals so cute, sort of lovable and street-wise. It's time someone broached the notion of street-stupid.

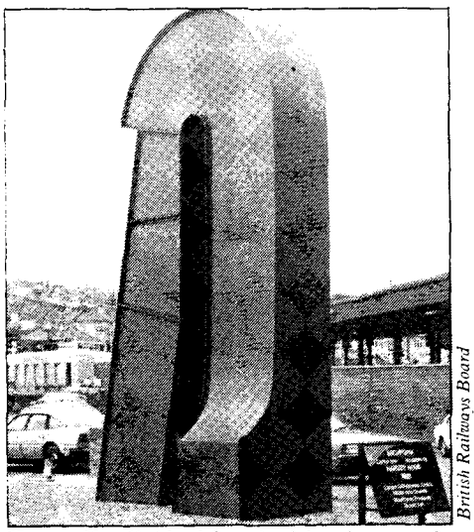
Patu!, a 109-minute documentary assembled under incredibly difficult and hazardous conditions by a Maori woman, Merata Mita, is the often stunning, everywhere chastening film-record of what happened when the 1981 South African rugby tour of New Zealand was announced and then — after a ghastly fashion — took place. From pre-tour canvassing of popular support against the ironically-named All-Blacks' being allowed in through the successful pitch-invasion which got the first game called off to the growing, nation-divisive confrontations (with rugby-'lovers' attacking protesters and specially formed Riot Squads moving in with batons) the camera hangs in amazingly close. An ugly and involving experience.

Briefly: athletes beating cancer, injury and racism are currently film-fashionable and **Running Brave** offers the simplistic, clogged progress of American Indian Billy Mills (Robby Benson) towards marriage with a WASP girl and gold medal for 10,000 metres at 1964 Tokyo Olympics: Pat Hingle, as college coach, spikily steals the show. As for preposterous, triple-crossing **The Osterman Weekend**, Burt Lancaster and John Hurt in CIA caper with leaden TV-blows-your-mind PS, anyone could have directed this traffic pile-up: Sam Peckinpah did. □

PUBLIC ART
Peter Dormer

Concrete jungle

SOMETIMES BAD ART can be moving and its desecration more poignant than that of good. In Amsterdam, a modern sculpture near the Stedlijk Museum acts as a monument to concentration camp victims. The work is hopelessly incoherent but shows great effort by the artist in trying to engage our imagination sympathetically with a past horror. The presence of graffiti on the work is callous. Yet, in Florence, a veritable garden centre of incomparably better art, the abundance of graffiti matters much less. This is no attempt to justify bad art in public places, merely to point



British Railways Board

Harvey Hood's 'Archform' raising the tone of a station carpark

out the equivocal nature of public art.

Equivocal or not, art in public places is an industry. The Arts Council runs an Art in Public Places scheme and, last year, an independent charity — The Public Art Development Trust — opened to promote collaboration between architects and artists. The Crafts Council, too, urges the use of designer-craftspeople in architectural schemes. Private companies and local authorities have commissioned work in the hundreds and bought it in the thousands. A collection of essays, *Art Within Reach**, has just been published which offers a detailed, sometimes critical discussion of the subject together with advice to would-be patrons. The Department of the Environment has embarked on a substantial survey of public art; the DHSS is involved with its own studies; someone else is producing a book about art in hospitals and someone else is. . . playing public art roulette.

There seems to be a tremendous urge to transform our cities with little Elysian patches. But the ratepayers cry 'What? Not with this junk.' And there we have the nub of the matter. Little that artists do as art is what the public wants to see. So who is this frenzied activity meant to serve?

Artists are served. Commissions or purchases help them to make a modest living although never an easy one: public commissions are not sinecures, there are too many problems for that — financial, technical and political. Nonetheless, when the current art-in-public-places movement started (during the 1970s) the intention was to provide jobs for artists. This attitude began to change as it was realised that dumping on the public the sort of art it had ostentatiously refused to visit in the galleries was unfair. Thus it was that painters of murals began to find favour because at least their big paintings tended to be figurative and have comprehensible subject matter such as an item of local history or propaganda for a local political issue. Murals were a relief after the rash of iron and concrete assemblages.

Muralists, however, tend to be a self righteous lot and whilst they are adept in inventing quasi-democratic ploys such as getting 'the local kids' to paint in the easy bits the fact is that murals reek of condescension. And this is a problem. Modern murals generally mean 'this area is deprived'. They draw attention to, rather than alleviate, the gross anti-aesthetic experience offered by their immediate environs.

No great insight or social survey is required to discover what most people agree makes a pleasant environment: interesting buildings of conservative aspect, well maintained streets, gardens, trees and parks. None of the posher parts of cities (save boutique areas like Covent Garden) have murals — agitprop or otherwise — and those who live in the non-posh areas know this. Equally, while the grand gesture of the grand private company in placing a grand steel 'n' concrete 'thing' outside its office might be seen as enlightened, it is felt by passers-by to be cold and less understandable than the company's logo.

And really it is not so much art in public places that is needed as art in service — setting art to work in improving the construction and surfaces of the fabric of our buildings and improving the standard of embellishment. Everything that contributes to a building or a street's appearance (including the lettering used in the signs) can be enhanced by the artist or craftsperson. However, this approach demands an acceptance by artists that anonymity, not stardom, is the name of the game. Individual artistic experiments and political agitprop ideologies have to be set aside because art becomes part of the team along with craft and architecture.

Although this is the direction art in public places ought to go, and is going in the case of designer-craftspeople, it is not an approach helpful to artists who want to live by their art, using the ratepayer or shareholder as their patron. I'm not certain we should be over troubled by this problem, which really derives from the fact that, although most 'artists' are second-rate, their ambitions are not. An obsession with putting egos on pedestals is of little service to the public and yet these artists do have skills which can be put to use as applied art. Remember William Morris — an indifferent artist, a writer of over-simplified and sentimental political philosophy, but a marvellous designer of wallpaper.

It would, of course, be a great loss if the best artists were not used to fulfil certain public

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demands — the erection of monuments to mark important passages in human experience is a serious task. It would, however, be foolish to overplay a policy of putting what is basically gallery conceived art into public spaces out of some general feeling that it is a good thing to do. Art in service really ought to be the next emphasis and in this, for once, I think the modern craftsperson designer has a particular role to play. The agencies for pursuing this collaboration of art, craft, architecture and policy exist (the Arts Council, Crafts Council, etc). More important, there is a public demand for it. □

*Art Within Reach, *published by* Art Monthly *in collaboration with the Arts Council and Crafts Council, available through Thames & Hudson, £6.95.*

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Skin deep

'I FELT THAT FUR was in the air. I felt that something could be done in fur. In Italy there is no successful life for a woman without a fur.' In **Design: Karl Lagerfield** (C4) we saw how a snazzily dressed Continental in a ponytail brought an alarming desire for self-expression to bear on the design of animal coats for millionairesses. When you took into consideration the fact that his conceit was under a painful curb-rein for the occasion you got some idea of the triumphant self-approval which money made from dyeing animal skins pink can bestow upon its perpetrator.

'When I work in fur,' sang the raccoon-tailed couturier, 'even God cannot remember what animal it was in the beginning.' Which I dare say suits everyone involved in these squalid transactions since that way no one could tell if it were an endangered species — which it's not; in fact this guy is so suave he probably makes legitimate furs look like endangered ones so he can charge more for them. In his Rome apartment, Karl has got Vienna Secessionist stuff lying about on pedestals: 'It's becoming a craze again,' he gushed with a mixture of petulance and greed. 'I'm glad I liked it before. I found out about it from friends' houses.' Wherever he appeared with his grotesque menagerie, he was applauded by blood-lipped women. He hid his shame behind a small black fan and kept asking *'C'est très amusant, non?'* Taps gushing sequins down a lady's back, spanner epaulets, a tap for a walking-stick top: *'C'est amusant, non?* It's extraordinary no one thought of it before!' But they did Karl, old chap. Mr Freedom was doing all that stuff back in 1969. Don't say you don't remember now. (More fan-play.)

When a sense of humour of this calibre (and vintage) is turned loose on the cutting up of cat skins, as in the tie-dyed mink jacket with orange splodges (*C'est très amusant, non?*) we can only repeat what Beau Brummel said to the Duke of Bedford: 'D'you call that thing a coat?'

Like Mr Lagerfield ('I am easily bored. A thing has to be finished in the morning or I am bored') **The Kids from the Flats** (ITV), a large estate at the fashionable end of the King's Road where a third of the population is under 16, suffer permanently from ennui.

Nearly everyone interviewed for this show found the flats a bore, as if the very bricks had somehow failed in their duty to scintillate. The bricks, in their innocence, had done their best to amuse, with football teams, karate classes, beauty competitions, keep-fit sessions, billiards room, canoeing, rollerskating and three disco clubs. 'There's nothing to do, it's a dump,' said everyone. We met a gang of girls called The Worriers, or, less plausibly, The Warriors, one of whom had a migraine. 'All the air gets in my eyes,' she whined, so that one understood the flats were perversely responsible for this irksome wind-stream. The winner of a beauty competition said she hadn't wanted to win, then an underage Worrier called Tracy, hanging out with her three-week-old baby, said: 'I don't want no more, cos there's nothing to do around here.'

I was disappointed to find that **Fiona and The Pill** (ITV) was not about underage Sloanie sex but about the mysterious nighthawks who bedawb all those hoardings with posters of unknown pop stars. It seems that a singer's street cred. quotient depends in part on his or her angelic face being seen in these rather squalid circumstances, so Bill Wigmore and his slaves invented 'Fiona' and hit the streets with posters of her. Unseen hands tore them down overnight. Our team persisted and finally came face to face with the heavies in the shapes of Terry the Pill and Daves Hutton and Walker. 'Don't put up any more posters,' said the heavies. 'Why not?' asked the programme. 'Listen,' said the heavies, 'we're not a particularly heavy bugger, but from our point of view . . .' At which point it seemed sensible to take the programme over the heavies' heads and into the offices of those record companies (few) who were prepared to talk. 'It's probably illegal,' allowed a lad at Arista whom someone was allowing to spend £5,000 a week on the scam. 'I sincerely am not aware of any muscle being used.' He will be now. The fly-posting industry is worth £2½m a year so it's unlikely to be stopped.

We were to understand that a modest but visionary discretion had prompted Melissa Llewelyn-Davies to omit an explanatory commentary from her film of the Maasai **Women's Olamal** (BBC-2). It was to avoid the familiar hit-and-run-type job on Colourful Exotics. But the opposite impression was given. Imagine presenting two hours of home movies from Luxembourg. The ommission of a commentary made it clear: this lot were so colourful and exotic they didn't need one.

Leaving it out did usefully cover the possibility of error and/or datedness which the voicing of a point of view might have bestowed upon its owner in a couple of years, but most of the time I was completely in the dark as to what these dressy young women were up to. Did Ms L-D know herself? Might it have been too trivial for the doctorate? I must say I could have done with some elucidation to pass away some of the two hours this first of six films took to approach its Saturday night climax. And, when the much-mooted fertility rite finally got its act together, I found it hard to believe that all the men did was spit into that bowl the women had to drink from. □

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YORKSHIRE TELEVISION

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FIRST PERSON

Alison Hennegan

Tower of Babel

I AM CONFUSED. For five days I have been immersed in the world of the First International Feminist Bookfair where more than 100 publishers from 22 countries displayed and sold books to a general public which sometimes queued for more than two hours, so great was the crush. Women attended workshops, seminars, discussions and readings in tens, hundreds and, on the last day, in an audience a thousand strong. It was a triumphant demonstration of a hungry interest in feminist books even greater than the organisers had dared to envisage.

Feminism, as the organisers recognised and constantly reiterated, wears different faces in different cultures. Different situations, it's argued, demand different priorities and strategies. To what did this cross section of the world's feminists give their primary loyalties? To a gender, as one might assume? Or to a nation, class, language, religion, sexual orientation, past history? And can we fuse them or must we always, eventually, choose some at the expense of others?

At various points during the five days it became clear that some found it perfectly easy to cleave to one primary allegiance: black, perhaps, or lesbian; socialist or anarchist feminist; one whose first language is English or one who knows, sadly and perhaps angrily, that her own words in her own language are likely to be understood only by her compatriots.

For most of us, life wasn't that simple. There were lesbians, from black and 'Third World' countries which supposedly 'haven't any lesbians', wondering uneasily whether to shut up about their 'irrelevant' and culturally denied sexuality until After The Revolution. Equally uneasily, of course, they wondered just how much they wanted a revolution which didn't want them. It was a conflict poignantly illustrated one evening: an Indian woman, explaining that, amid so many other pressing problems, Indian feminists had not yet begun to consider heterosexism, was passionately interrupted by another Indian woman who yelled '*Who* hasn't considered heterosexism yet? To say that suggests there are no Indian lesbians. There *are*, dammit. *I'm* one.' Later, and bewilderingly, the unruly one was gently (and privately) reprimanded by a third Indian woman who first reminded her that India faced more important battles than lesbian liberation, then asked if, 'as an Asian dyke of fifteen years' standing', she might shake her hand and thank her for her interruption. She who had just been chastised and congratulated for one and the same action turned to me: 'I am confused,' she said.

There were black and 'Third World' women wondering how to tell North American black women (in a sisterly way, of course) that they would have preferred to be consulted before a phrase like 'women of colour' was imposed on them by their Super Power sisters who seem completely oblivious to the hateful reverberations those words must have for many who live elsewhere: South Africa, for example.

Some women were wondering how to say (in a sisterly et cetera) that if black is to mean everyone who isn't pink, then it had better mean that all the time and not just when convenient. That way we'd avoid the confusion caused when an Egyptian woman's right to attend a Black and Third World Women's Writers' Evening was questioned, and an Indian poet sharing a reading with a Black American one wouldn't have been rendered temporarily invisible when a member of the audience thanked the American because she was the 'only' black woman on the platform.

Cross Germans and French pointed out that apparently this 'international event', like most international events, just meant one at which everything important happens in English. Next time, they said, there should be translators of all the main languages available all the time. And, said a Bookfair organiser, of the main African languages. No, no, said a German woman, anyone getting it together to come from Africa would obviously speak English anyway. Whoops.

The third world commitment was most important, said another. It needed to be greater. Absolutely, said the organisers. They'd had an offer to host the next Fair in Nairobi. A curious silence fell.

Prioritising oppressions proved even trickier than usual. Consider, for instance, the plight of one Norwegian writer whose government had paid fares and expenses for 16 women to attend the fair. Remarkable? Indeed, but Norwegian is a language under threat. Its writers need and get state support. The newest generation may well speak English as its 'native' tongue. The writer had just been told, in English, by a black woman whose first language is English, that she was a cultural oppressor. 'Please,' said the Norwegian, 'in this context, who is oppressing whom? I am confused.'

And lesbians in the audience of the Bookfair's C4-recorded final forum — 'Different Concepts of Women's Liberation — Internationally: a series of readings from four countries to recognise and celebrate differences between women and their major concerns' — were also confused. That's when we discovered that we, apparently, were of no concern at all, since Heterosexuality's was the only voice to speak officially that evening. It's true that when just that point was made by an angry member of the audience Robyn Archer, who was chairing the event, took it on the chin like the trouper she is and acknowledged her own lesbianism. But it would have left us with a warmer glow if she'd done it unasked.

Meanwhile, back home here in Cambridge, I'm still trying to take it all in and work it all out. So far it seems to go:

a) Black often isn't
b) International isn't lesbian
c) White is rarely feminist.

And what of feminism itself? Give me time. I'm working on it. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2827 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Mrs T's views on ballots and elections seem, at first sight, a bit inconsistent — fine for miners; no good for Londoners or Cheltenham civil servants. Time, therefore, to explain this logic via another *Alice in Thatcherland*. Max 125 words by 6 July.

No 2824 Set by E.O. Parrott

House names for celebrities.

Report By Babe Bio

Grone, puke, faint. I mean never, not once, in all of my life, have I sean such a *mountain* of norsious puns. Even before I opened the postbag, I could here them all gurgling and snickering inside. If I weren't such a nurd, I'd have chucked them strate over to Len. Still, I ackshelly have to admit that some of them creased me rite up — I just never knew that people of yore age were *like* this. One pound each suggestion published; or your house name pokerworked on varnished pine, whichever is cheepest and eesiest.

Ernesto Guevara: 'Che Moi'
Robert Carrier: 'Mon Repas'
Kingsley Amis: 'The Old Rectory'
Linda Lovelace: '69 Broadway'

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Calliope: 'The Mews'
General Custer: 'Westphalia'
Dean Martin: 'The Shtudio'
Steve McQueen: 'Chevy Chase'

KEN RUDGE

Jesus Christ: 'Rose Again Cottage'
PC49: 'Yew Lot', Letsby Avenue
Malcolm Bradbury: 'David Lodge'

BILL GREENWELL

John DeLorean: 'Casa Ritoff'
Lord Mountbatten: 'Chez Lui'
Christopher Dean: 'Tor Villa'

MARION GILMORE

Peter Parker: 'Mon Depot'
Jimmy Reid: 'Dunworkin'
Superman: 'Dunrobin'

W.S. BROWNLIE

Oedipus: 'Omagh'
The Famous Five: 'Little Swains'

DAVID TOLEY

Cecil Parkinson: 'Que Sa-rah Sa-rah'
Michael Heseltine: 'Shady Nuke'

GILLIAN LOVATT

Dr Spooner: 'Nosy Cook'
Lord Lucan: 'Stillroamin'

PETER E. SILLIS

Tennessee Williams: 'Chateau Hot Tin Roof'

MICHAEL HOLT

Al Capone: 'Casa Nostra'

GEORGE MOOR

Judge Jeffries: 'Chez Noose'

RON SOUTHEY

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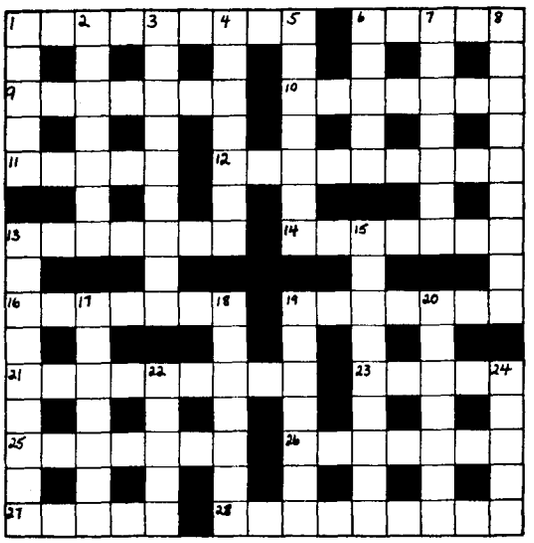
Weekend Crossword 1444

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1444, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 3 July.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Poor argument as a feature of Hyde Park (6,3)
6. Release shortly (5)
9. Making a man play badly after his hundred and get out for few runs? (7)
10. Renault changing gear (7)
11. Put in a word for a radiator (5)
12. The audience give the rest lines at random (9)
13. Run to heaven as a communist (7)
14. Publish again in universal series in different format (7)
16. Cuts out taxes (7)
19. A man surrounded by legal documents appears uncomfortable (7)
21. Died without a relative but unfrightened (9)
23. Optical counterpart gives headless man a turn (5)
25. Dark liquid with which fish gives a hint (7)
26. An adult is uncomfortable since they are dropped in London (7)
27. Residence for novelist (5)
28. Preserves as an ancient city surrounded by vegetation (9)

DOWN

1. Sways what are firm (5)
2. Quivering a lot more strangely (7)
3. States they are fast (9)
4. Payment in sovereigns? (7)
5. Place demolished in words (7)
6. Mischief for two (5)
7. Animals of which there are a number in a planet (7)
8. Passionate bachelors? But they keep to the rails (9)
13. Drudgery of people that read millions of words (9)
15. People admitted may go in at one site (9)
17. Touched under the chin and dismissed (7)
18. Dexterity keeps the French in view (7)
19. We hold a male to be a dead loss (7)
20. Get information about the plant (7)
22. One moment in an electric exchange (5)
24. Fertile spot as one is entered in map (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1422

S	T	O	I	C	■	C	O	W	A	R	D	I	C	E
T	■	C	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	M	■	L
O	U	T	E	R	M	O	S	T	■	C	O	P	S	E
R	■	E	■	N	■	T	■	C	■	E	■	R	■	C
N	E	T	T	L	E	■	C	H	E	S	H	U	N	T
O	■	■	■	A	■	L	■	S	■	S	■	D	■	■
W	A	S	P	W	A	I	S	T	S	■	K	E	R	B
A	■	A	■	S	■	G	■	R	■	S	■	N	■	A
Y	A	N	K	■	S	H	E	A	R	W	A	T	E	R
■	■	C	■	A	■	T	■	P	■	E	■	■	■	T
B	A	T	H	T	U	B	S	■	S	A	M	P	L	E
R	■	I	■	H	■	L	■	A	■	T	■	U	■	N
A	R	O	S	E	■	U	N	C	L	E	A	R	E	D
N	■	N	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	R	■	G	■	E
D	I	S	P	E	R	S	E	S	■	S	T	E	E	R

Prizewinners to 1422

Thelma Brewster (Littlemore, Oxford)
Richard Lucking (Bradford)
C. M. Macaulay (Larbert, Stirlingshire)

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GRADUATE WITH research/journalism experience seeks work — indexing, proof-reading, researching etc. Contact Simon, 01-794 3954.

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APPOINTMENTS

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Hackney is a leading Labour controlled Authority serving a community suffering disproportionately from the national recession and decline in public expenditure. An assistant, probably working to two Committee Chairs, is sought who has some knowledge of Inner City problems and a commitment to the Council's policies of increased local democratic accountability and control of services.

You will be a member of the Political Research Unit and will maintain the Chairs' awareness of changing needs and the problems of service delivery as they are experienced by the community. The work will involve meetings with outside agencies, local groups and councillors. You will advise Chairs on the content and validity of reports and will research issues of specific interest in their area of concern. You will also work on broad policy areas as a member of the Political Research Unit.

You will probably have some relevant experience in policy analysis and the presentation of research.

Application forms are available from John Penney, Head of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 5331 (24 hour answering service) quoting reference DHS17/NS.

Closing date: 6 July 1984.

The Council intends to decentralise its services, therefore the duties, hours of work or location of this post may be subject to change.

People who wish to job share may also apply.

We positively welcome applications from black people, disabled people and women where they are under-represented in particular jobs.

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GLC
Working for London

Key roles in Industry & Employment

Challenging opportunities have arisen for specialists with an appreciation and commitment to the Council's progressive industry and employment policies to make a central contribution in the following key areas:

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The Unit takes the lead in developing and strengthening links with trade unions, acquiring information on industrial trends in London and helping to identify firms with potential problems which might lead to job losses or closure.

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This post gives overall direction to the work of the Unit, working closely with the Greater London Enterprise Board (GLEB), and contributes to policy development and major initiatives. Recent trade union and working background in a major industrial sector is prerequisite, coupled with a sound appreciation of industrial trends in London.

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To develop contacts with trade unions, contribute to the production of an up-to-date information base on industrial firms in London and, where problems are identified, to take positive action in conjunction with GLEB. Applicants must have a recent trade union and working background in industry and the ability to take initiatives and follow them through with positive action.

Salary: £12,444-£14,076 inclusive. Ref: 772.

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To take responsibility for operation of a Xionics micro-computer system which will hold the unit's information base. Practical experience of computer systems is required, together with the ability to explain function and facilities in simple terms.

Salary: £6,519-£8,817 inclusive. Ref: 773.

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To plan and produce a series of books arising out of the Council's industry and employment work and to edit and supervise publication of specific strategy documents. This key post demands the ability to edit and write imaginatively and to synthesise and present arguments, with proven experience in writing/editing, research, in adult education, or in work with trade unions or community groups.

Salary: £14,076-£15,756 inclusive. Ref: 769.

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Education Co-ordinator

To help trade unionists and workers' educational bodies to gain or provide greater understanding of industry and employment issues. Applicants should have experience of working with trade unions or of community organisations, backed by sound organisational and co-ordinating skills.

Salary: £12,444-£14,076 inclusive. Ref: 770.

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To co-ordinate the production, editing, publication and distribution of booklets, pamphlets and leaflets on industry and employment issues and to produce material for exhibitions/conferences. Practical experience of publications work with trade unions or community groups and excellent communication skills are essential.

Salary: £12,444-£14,076 inclusive. Ref: 771.

Areas and Infrastructure Unit

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To work in a small team providing support to professional officers on such issues as transport, land and property, and to assist specifically in supporting and monitoring the work of a number of area offices. The person appointed will have general office skills and good organising ability.

Salary: £6,519-£8,817 inclusive. Ref: 774.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 6th July 1984, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 2390. Please quote appropriate reference.

These posts are suitable for job sharing

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CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S UNIT

The City Council has recently set up a Women's Committee whose aims are to strengthen the links between the Council and women in the community; to advise the Council on positive action to ensure that women are not discriminated against and their needs and interests are properly serviced by the Council both as an employer and as a provider of services; and to develop policies to improve the status, living and working conditions of women in the City.

A Unit is being set up to support the Committee's work by undertaking detailed research projects and co-operating with other Council departments and with groups in the community. To establish this unit the following posts have been approved.

1. **Head of Section — PO2(f) £14,379-£15,357 pro rata.** This will be on a part-time basis — salary and leave entitlements will be at half the above rate.
Quote reference 13/547

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Quote reference 13/548

Canvassing will disqualify.

Candidates may obtain application forms (returnable by **9 July 1984**) and further particulars from **Personnel Section, Chief Executive's Department, Council House, Birmingham B1 1BB.**

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BIRMINGHAM CITY COUNCIL

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LISTINGS

SAT 23 JUNE

BRADFORD The Drift Towards An Authoritarian State. Socialist Society Dayschool. 10.30-4.30. Room Mezz 2, Bradford University, Richmond Rd. **Details, creche, contact Alan Carling, 13 Shetborne Rd, Bradford, tel 726236**

ILFORD 'Women and Employment' conf for women. Workshop discns on Training, Childcare, Pt.time work. 9.30am-12 Fellowship Hall, Green Lane. **Creche/details: 01-597 2548.**

BATTERSEA Positive Action for women in education, conf. org. Battersea Labour Party. Spkrs. incl. Frances Morrell, Lesley Day. Refreshments/ creche. 2pm-5.30pm 177 Lavender Hill, SW11. **01-785 7434.**

LONDON National 2-day Convention against Apartheid and Festival to celebrate 25 years of AAM at City University. Spkrs. incl. Oliver Tambo, Sam Numoma, Bishop Trevor Huddleston. £7.50/£5 unwaged includes refreshments, lunch, creche. Access for disabled. **Details: AAM, 13 Mandela St, NW1 01-387 7966.**

LONDON Public Enterprise Grp. AGM Prof. Philip Bagwell 'The End of the Line?' — Thatcher's effects on Public Transport. 10.30am Cole Rm, **Fabian Soc, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.**

SUN 24 JUNE

NATIONAL ARTS DAY celebrations countrywide. **Details: 01-876 2161.**

TUES 26 JUNE

LONDON 'Labour's Policy on Northern Ireland' Spkrs Peter Archer QC MP, Ernie Roberts MP. 7.30am Cttee Rm 13, House of Commons, SW1. **Org. Labour Parliamentary Assoc.**

LONDON 'Imperialiam and the split in working class movement' Spkr Maxine Williams 7.30pm Freemasons Arms, 81/82 Long Acre, WC2. **Series org. by Fight Racism, BCM Box 5909, WC1N 3XX 01-837 1688.**

WIMBLEDON 'The Theology of Disarmament' Rev Alan Whittle 8pm St. Mark's Church, Compton Rd. **Org. Wimbledon Disarmament Coalition, 66 Lambton Rd, SW20.**

LONDON Prospects & Possibilities for 1985 — Decisions and Activities for the UN Decade for Women Conf 1985. 5.30pm Commonwealth Secretariat, Quadrant Hs, 55 Pall Mall, SW1. **Details: CHANGE 29 Gt. James St, WC1 01-405 3601.**

HACKNEY Political Prisoners in Ireland and Sri Lanka. Public Meeting. Spkrs from London Armagh Grp, Sinn Fein, IRSP, Tamil Womens' League. 7.30pm Hackney Trades Club, 96 Dalston La, E8. **Org. E. London Troops Our Movement, Box 13, 136 Kingland Rd, E8.**

LONDON Save Westminster's Services — all residents or workers in Westminster who are committed to fighting cuts and privatisation welcome. 8pm 39 Chippenham Rd, W9.

WED 27 JUNE

ISLINGTON 'Women in Cuba' 4th in series of discn. forums 7.30pm Britain -Cuba Resource Centre, 29 Islington Park St, N1. Entrance free.

LONDON Land Values & Development of Docklands — Problems and Socialist remedies. Spkr Bob Colehutt of Joint Docklands Action Grp. 8pm GLC County Hall, SE1. **Org. Labour Land Campaign, 20 Ryland Rd, NW5 01-267 2245.**

THURS 28 JUNE

LONDON Community Forum on Crime & Society. Spkrs. incl. Martin Ennals. 7pm Swiss Cottage Community Centre, 19 Winchester Rd, NW3. 586 5272.

FRI 29 JUNE

HAMMERSMITH 3-day Exhibition of rare Russian Embroidary in aid of 'Solidarity with Solidarity'. 10am-5pm Polish Centre, 238 King St, W6. **Details: Caroline Pecover 223 2115/630 9211 x 216.**

SAT 30 JUNE

LONDON Short Life Housing Conf. 8.30am-4.30pm Thomas Coram Fdn. 40 Brunswick Sq, WC1. Lunch/creche. £4/£1.50 unwaged. **Details: Mary Evans, HEO Empty Property Unit, 157 Waterloo Rd, SE1.**

WOLVERHAMPTON 'The Need for a Christian Opposition' Spkrs. Peter Archer MP, David Haslam. 7pm East Park Methodist Church, Brooklands Parade. **Details: Alan Harvey 0902 342778.**

LONDON Holistic Health Symposium 9.30am Westminster Cathedral Conf. Centre, Morpeth Terr, SW1. **Tickets £2 Vegetarian Society, 53 Marloes Rd, W8. 01-937 1714.**

OXFORD Solidarity with Irish Workers — Day School for Trade Unionists 10am Co-op Hall, Cowley Road. Creche/Cold Lunch. £1.50 orgs/£1 individual. **Details: Oxford Labour Cttee. on Ireland, 8 Divinity Rd.**

FORTHCOMING

3 JULY LONDON 'Jews in a multi-ethnic society' Public Meeting 7.15pm Manor House Centre for Judaism, 80 East End Rd, N3.

5 JULY MUSWELL HILL 'The State of the Arms Talks' Spkr. Malcolm Harper, Director of United Nations Assoc. Adm. free. 8pm Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, N10. **Details: Muswell Hill CND Jane Morley 889 0571.**

7 JULY BIRMINGHAM Festival for Peace 2-8pm Small Health Park. **Org. Birmingham CND 54 Allison St, Digbeth, Birmingham 5. 021 632 6909.**

7-8 JULY LONDON 'Transforming Images' weekend course on art therapy, psychotherapy. **Details: IMAGO, Art Therapy Dept, Goldsmiths College, 27 Albury St, London, SE8.**

8-12 JULY BARNSLEY CND National Summer School at Northern College. **Details/registration: 01-263 9698/Barnsley 85426.**

20-22 JULY LEEDS AGM of PEN 'Peace Education Network' at Beechwood College. **Details: Stephanie Duczek, York Peace Community, 15a Clifford St, York, YO1 1RG.**

28 JULY-5 AUGUST LONDON to **BARROW IN FURNESS** sponsored bike ride for Peace. Start 10.30am from Jubilee Gdns. **Details and sponsor forms from Moira Weaver, Dulwich CND, 29 Elsie Rd, E. Dulwich, SE22.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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The South East Region TUC-NUM

WED JUNE 27th

DAY OF SOLIDARITY

MARCH AND RALLY

Assemble: 1p.m. TOWER HILL, EC3
March: through Fleet Street
Rally: 3.30p.m. JUBILEE GARDENS, County Hall, SE1.

Start mobilising *NOW* to ensure massive support for the NUM in *their* fight for *our* Coal Industry.

SERTUC FIGHTS WITH THE MINERS

GROUPS/ MEETINGS

PUBLIC ENTERPRISE GROUP AGM
Saturday 23 June, 10.30 am
Prof. Philip Bagwell
on
'The End of the Line?'
Thatcher's effects on
Public Transport
Cole Room
Fabian Society
11 Dartmouth Street
London SW1
NON-MEMBERS WELCOME

German Historical Institute, London
Thursday 28 June 5 pm
Ernst Nolte (Berlin)
Marxism, Fascism, Cold War. Some Remarks on a Trilogy
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

LABOUR LAND CAMPAIGN Meeting 27 June: Land Values and How They Affect Development in Docklands. Problems and Solutions presented by Bob Colenutt at GLC, *County Hall, London SE1. 8 p.m. Contact: LLC* 01-267 2245 (e).

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 29 June. Barbara Smoker on 'Shaw's Religion', Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities, Sunday 24 June 8 p.m. 'U.L.T. Day' Commemoration. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2 3AL.

HEARTSEARCH

ARCHETYPAL MENOPAUSAL-MAN, offers mindblowing sex, hills, clouds, bloody clawed nature, an odyssey through life overdosing on love, to she who takes me as I am — Shy, randy, smokeless, moneyless, tall, slim, with a passion to renovate. Box 8662.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARTICULATE, NIGERIAN lady banker, 24, interests literature, baroque music, jazz, exotic food. Weakness — cuddly toys. Seeks tall, cultured, sensitive male. Any nationality. Photo appreciated. Box 8674.

ASIAN MALE, 37, wishes to meet a female of any nationality, for friendship and fun in London area. Box 8633.

ATTRACTIVE, HAPPY graduate, 31, solvent and single, based in Scotland but mobile UK, seeks single, left-oriented woman, under 35 for relationship. Box 8653.

BATH/BRISTOL: man, mid-thirties, Welfare Administrator, possibly attractive, sensitive and intelligent, definitely lonely; wide interests/experience, seeks intelligent, pleasant, unattached woman friend. Photo (to fit words/face) appreciated. Box 8636.

BUSINESSMAN, WIDOWER,
College educated, active 70s, resident London, own luxury house, seeks introduction suitable lady.
Box 8660.

CONTENTEDLY DIVORCED, over-educated, well-travelled lady, 34, tall, seeks similar comfortable man. Box 8639.

COSMOPOLITAN ENGLISHWOMAN, mid 50s, attractive, possessing charm, humour, a love of life, seeks counterpart companion who would appreciate an affectionate sharing relationship. Intelligence and education important. Integrity, generosity, flexibility more so. Humour above all. London/Sussex. Box 8672.

CREATIVE, LIVELY, intelligent, happy, arts-oriented, Leeds-based woman 30s; interested art, music, politics; likes 'Bopping', seeks lively, interesting male friends, (28-42-ish). Box 8655.

CUDDLY, SHY, warm-hearted male, 28, seeks caring female for friendship. Interests: music, reading, countryside, politics. North England. Hope you write. All letters answered. Box 8594.

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EAST LONDON male, 29, is seeking intelligent, independent, irreligious, unmaterialistic, humorous, leftish female. Interested in politics, peace, films, some sports and most music. Box 8684.

EDUCATED, WELL-BRED, tall Indian, aged 44, divorced, various interests, seeks correspondence from ladies irrespective of race. Visits welcomed later. Returnable photo please. Box 8505.

FEMALE 40, excessively adventurous, moderately voluptuous, barely solvent, seeks warm, witty companion. Rush me your details and get your free gift now! Box 8641.

FEMININE, SLIM,
professional lady, usual cultural interests plus travel, homemaking etc., seeks unattached, tall, polished, caring professional man, youthful fifties, for loving, lasting relationship.
Box 8682.

GAY SOCIALIST, tall, slim, looks OK, seeks relationship (over 21). Letter with photo please. Box 8680.

GAY WOMAN, 38, career, discreet, sensitive, seeks non-stereotype, genuine lady for friendship. Telephone number please. Box 8685.

GENTLEMAN, 43, 6ft, travelled, educated, honest, easily managed, kind-hearted, seeks younger lady, similarly disposed, to search for redeeming vices, even marriage and babies. Box 8559.

GRADUATE, PROFESSIONAL woman, mid-forties, living SE, lively, humorous. Likes walking, talking, theatre, music, dining out. Seeks tallish man, 45+, for encounters. Box 8665.

HOMOSEXUAL MATURE student, 39, tall, slim, bearded, likes arts, countryside, swimming, pubs, seeks amiable, affectionate male, 21+, for friendship. Photo appreciated. Loughborough/Nottingham/Midlands. Box 8635.

I AM looking for a University graduated gentleman, aged 50-60, slim 6ft, anyone? I am educated, independent, very attractive, sports-minded lady. Box 8612.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE lady musician seeks gentleman with sense of humour, kind, caring, 50-60, for friendship, possibly long-term relationship, concerts, theatre. Box 8683.

INTELLIGENT, CARING, attractive professional London woman, mid-40s, good sense of humour, seeks man share arts, cinema, travel, wining, dining. Sense humour & sensitivity essential. Box 8619.

INTELLIGENT, LITERATE, above all well-adjusted male company sought by professional female, 35, apparently living in social ghetto of single mothers. No tragedy if Romeo fails to materialise, just add a little sunshine to my North London breakfast. Box 8667.

INTELLIGENT MAN, 36, tall, attractive, lively, kind, interests: arts, countryside, literature, philosophy, psychology, music, outings, seeks female friend, 20-40, for happy times. London/Home Counties. Box 8678.

IS THERE an affectionate, sensitive, unattached woman who would like to share interests and pleasures in home life, buildings, countryside and theatre with a professional man of 42, history graduate, long-time divorced, who is wanting to give as well as to receive? Likes appearances but also values honesty. East Anglia. Box 8657.

LADY, QUIET, NICE-LOOKING,
no ties, tallish, non-smoker, driver, seeks old-fashioned type male partner/husband, for home life, normal interests, non-political. Middle-age group. Serious only please.
Box 8681.

LADY WHO did it her way, but remains an Ovaltiney at heart, seeks man with divine sense of humour as friend. London easiest. Box 8491.

LADY WOULD like to meet gentleman, 60+. *Independent friendship.* Box 8666.

LIFE BORING at the moment? Cheerful unattached graduate, London, mid-30s, seeks male counterpart, to extend social life (travel, wine, films, walking, conversation, culture, etc.). Box 8676.

LIFE-LOVING, middle-aged Celtic woman, seeks man of fire and imagination to walk the hills and watch the moon with. Bristol area. Box 8643.

LIVELY-MINDED, apolitical, 26 year-old female, irreverant, sense of humour, seeks similar non-proselytising male. Many interests. North-East based. Box 8677.

LONDON-BASED MAN, thirty, 5' 5", philanthropic, quiet socialist, middle-class background, seeks feminist friend any sexuality, but similar age, interested in forming co-parenting relationship. Box 8654.

LOST (by caring, slim, attractive young lady): considerate, unattached, executive/professional gent. (30-40). Potential reward: conversation, laughter and, hopefully lasting relationship. West Midlands area. Box 8575.

LOVELY LIVELY lady, non-smoking vegetarian, into peace, poetry, drama, talking, listening, sharing, caring, loving, music, dance, alternatives, ex-intellectual, seeks empathetic male partner, 35-50. Box 8652.

MALE NEARING retirement, musical, practical, interested ecology, self sufficiency, sharing, would like to live in commune and seeks woman with similar inclinations. Box 8642.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE; vivacious, attractive, professional lady, 48, divorced, seeks cultured, professional gentleman, 45-55, with sense of humour, non-smoker, for lasting relationship. Box 8640.

PAINTER & PRINTMAKER, serious and successful, seeks loving wife, 35-45, who maybe also loves Mozart, Italy, cats, books, creative work and country living, Wilts or Berks. Box 8593.

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(0932) 231735 evgs/wkends

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, early 40s, slim, petite, intelligent, warm personality, seeks male, 45-55, for honest, sincere, humorous relationship. Box 8638.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, 60s, part-time job, house, car etc., ought to retire but no special 'someone' with whom to share life. Box 8637.

REAL RAVING Looney, 37, left-wing, likes music of all kinds, politics, God and indoor and outdoor games. Sensuous but hath no beauty, seeks sensuous woman (25-40). I have a good disability income and also like dining, travel. Box 8570.

SEEKING INDIVIDUALS/couples, with/without children, Avon, committed money/mind to set up collective. Envisage s/c. units 'mansion house', opportunities for horticulture/commercial development. Box 8651.

SOCIALIST FEMALE graduate, late 30s, warm, supportive, loves job, friends, conversation books, wine, theatre, seeks *similar male,* 35-early 40s. Midlands. Box 8656.

SOCIALIST LADY, petite, 32, in open marriage situation, interests: reading, theatre, folk music, seeks socialist male for sensual relationship. Similar age preferred. Cheshire/Merseyside. Box 8679.

STUDENT, 26, enjoys travel, theatre, good food, reading, seeks pleasant, humorous, unattached woman (20-30), for long-term romance, London area. Box 8634.

TALL ENGINEER, young 54, presentable, solvent, caring. Wide interests: music, France, town, country, people, politics, plays, books, seeks warm woman for mutual benefit. Essex. Box 8588.

TALL, FUNNY, perceptive, sexy, entertaining, tolerant, heterosexual, beautiful man wanted by intelligent mature, sexy, beautiful woman with volatile, spoiled, beautiful 7 yr-old son and neurotic, tortoiseshell, beautiful cat. Greater Manchester or thereabouts. Box 8473.

TALL, PROFESSIONAL male, 29, varied interests except most sports, seeks tallish, attractive female, 20-35, with sense of humour. Herts/Beds/Bucks. Box 8664.

WOMAN, 32, good social life already, would like to meet easy-going socialist man this summer, for films, theatre, cycling, pubs, laughs. London. Box 8675.

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Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Sirron Typesetting, 14a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1R 0DP.
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.
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